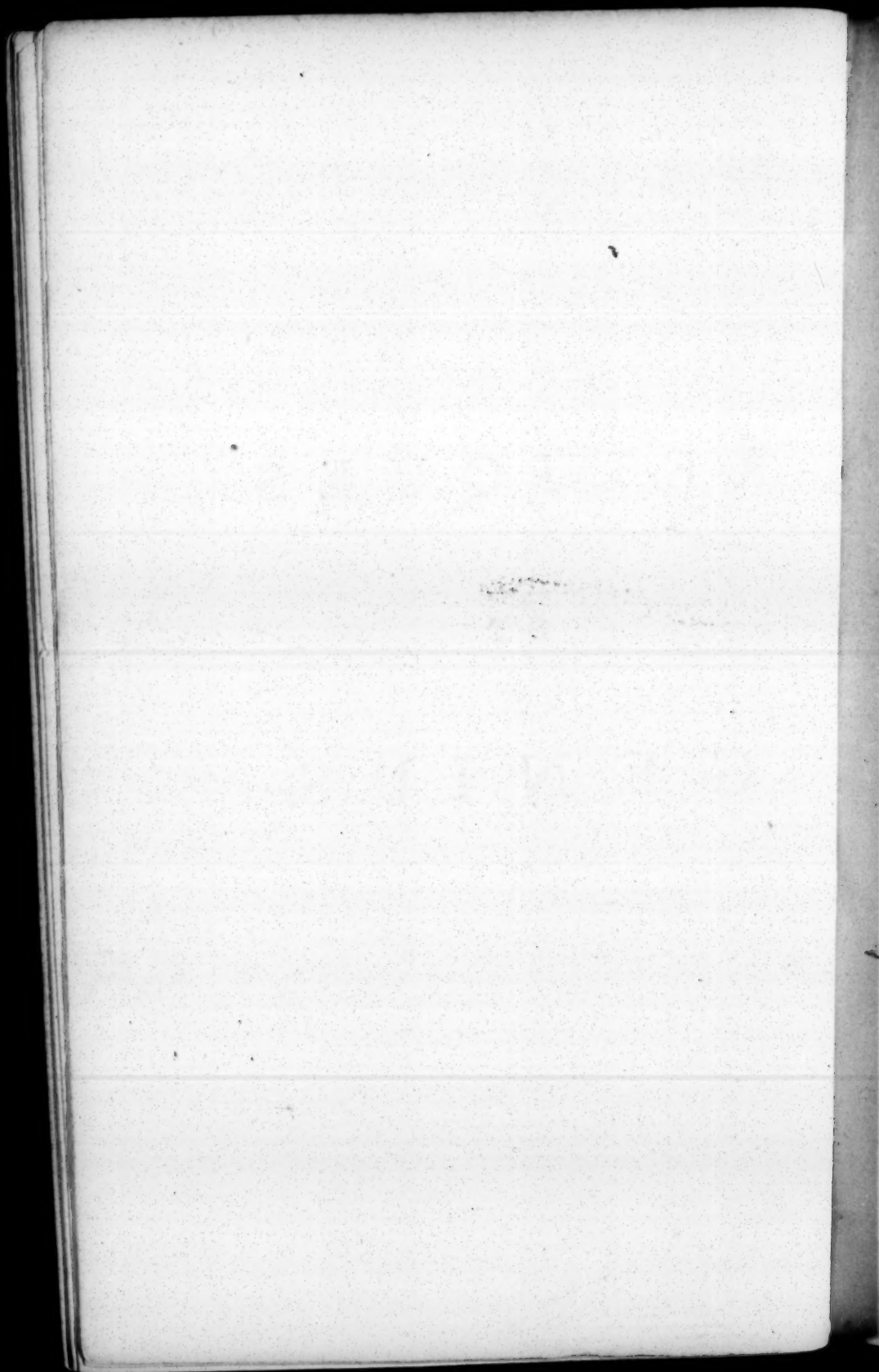


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RELIQUES

OF

GENIUS.



RELIQUES

OF

GENIUS.

BY THE LATE

REV. MR. RYAN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR EDWARD AND
CHARLES DILLY.

MDCCCLXXVII.

THE HISTORY OF

ADVERTISEMENT.

EVERHARD RYAN,
author of the following
Essays, was the son of a gentle-
man of small fortune in the
North of England. Having
discovered early in life an af-
fection for letters, he was edu-
cated for the church. The
gentleness of his dispositions,
and the elegance of his fancy,
led him to prefer those kinds of
literature that were of a conge-
nial nature : and his favorite
studies

6 ADVERTISEMENT.

studies were moral philosophy, poetry, history, and criticism. He was intimately acquainted with the Greek and Roman writers; and had formed his taste on these excellent models. In his temper and character, he joined to the most perfect integrity the warmest affections. His sensibility indeed, was too exquisite, and exposed him to real, and perhaps to some imaginary sufferings. He seemed a plant of a texture too delicate for the storms and inclemencies of the world in which he was born. His father's fortune being small, his chief dependence for an establishment in life,

ADVERTISEMENT. 7

life, was in the patronage of some distant relations, persons of wealth and of interest. Some of these he lost, by untimely death; and others in a manner perhaps more painful, by a change of affections unmerited and unaccountable. He is now where no favour of men can do him service, and no unkindness can give him pain. Of a constitution not very robust, of feelings too exquisitely alive, and ill-fitted to bustle among the candidates for wealth and preferment, he fell into a lingering disorder, that in his twenty-fifth year, put a period to his life.—The following

5 ADVERTISEMENT.

Essays lay by him a considerable time ; and, according to the suggestions of his friends, and of his own excellent taste, they received occasional correction. They are now offered to the public by a person who wishes to do honour to his memory, who was intimate with him from his earliest years, and who will cherish to the latest hour of his life, the remembrance of his elegant conversation, and amiable manners.

RELIQUES

R E L I Q U E S
O F
G E N I U S.

U T H E R,
A N D T H E
S O N O F O W E N.

A n O D E.

FOSTER'D by fountains and cascades,
Issuing from woody hills and glades,
How pleasant, thro' this smiling vale,
Thy streams, meandering river, steal!
Delightful, on thy margin gay,
The pastoral melodies are heard.—

B

Dolefully

TO U T H E R, A N D T H E

Dolefully flow'd the tuneful lay
Erewhile, when U T H E R's bloody sword was bar'd.
Down the green valley, vengeful as he past,
Death, smiling grimly, rode th' afflicted blast.

FLY, son of hoary OWEN, fly!
The gloomy ravager draws nigh.
The ravening wolf, intent on death,
On thee will wreck his envious wrath.
In vain, intrepid boy, in vain
Thy ardour, and thy polish'd bow ;
Thy ruddy hue, thy tuneful strain,
To brave, or mitigate the savage foe.
Wild, as the desert's unrelenting brood,
He hastes to wallow in thy youthful blood.

W H Y would the lovely BELA praise
Thy bloom ? thy pleasing form approve ?
Or thou indulge, in tender gaze,
The melting sympathies of love ?

SON OF OWEN.

A desperate rival, fierce with jealous fires,
UTHER pursues thee, and thy life requires.

“NOR long be the pursuit:” he cry’d,
“I scorn his menace and his pride.
“No, never shall fierce UTHUR tell
“The son of OWEN basely fell,
“Or basely fled. Despise me, thou
“So powerful with thy piercing eyes,
“If, by the terror of his brow
“Aw’d, or subdu’d, my truant spirit dies.
“Sooner the breathing of the western gale
“Shall tear the forest from the shelter’d vale.”

ALAS, lamented boy, no more
Along the lake’s resounding shore,
Rous’d by the hunter’s winding horn,
Wilt thou anticipate the morn:
Nor ever shall the vocal glade
Thy song at evening hour resound.—

U T H E R, &c.

Behold! beneath the green-wood shade
The red flood gushes from his welling wound:
His hoary fire, beside th' untimely bier,
Bending in anguish, sheds the silent tear.

SOFT from the hill, what voice of woe
Pours on the gale her plaintive strain?
Thy tears, afflicted maiden, flow,
Washing thy lovely cheek in vain.
Long shall the breezes waft thy mournful sighs,
Bleeding and pale the son of OWEN lies.

THE POWER of ABSENCE.

To a YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

HOW clear the sky! how soft the gale
 Breathing along the dewy vale!
 For lo, the wintry winds are fled.
 No more the stream at random strays,
 But in his native channel plays;
 And flowers enamel all the mead.

EVEN furious storms subside: but you
 The plaintive measure still renew,
 Of HELIA's absence still complain.
 Cease, tuneful boy, nor feed your woe;
 For Absence may a cure bestow
 When sighs, and tears, and vows are vain.

14 THE POWER OF ABSENCE.

NAY, Heaven forbid your gentle heart
Should with the generous passion part ;
Should cease to love and to admire.
The Muse more liberal maxims knows :
And if she promises repose,
'Tis by fulfilling your desire.

IF e'er your suit to love inclin'd
Her secretly-consenting mind,
Absence will wake the latent flames :
More than your soft persuasive tales,
Absence with magic power prevails,
And all her timid wildness tames.

BELIEVE the Muse ; even now she glows,
Feels and commiserates your woes :
Her coyness gentle Love disarms.
Surprise her with your amorous haste ;
Go, clasp her to your eager breast ;
Possess her virtues and her charms.

HYMN

H Y M N
T O
I N D U S T R Y.

GAY in the morning of the year,
 While the southern breezes play,
 And on their downy wings convey
 The vivifying APRIL shower,
 Kind nourisher of herb and flower;—
 Gay in the morning of the year,
 Blooming, of animated air,
 On every hill and valley green,
 Lo! active INDUSTRY is seen.
 Her tresses gracefully confin'd,
 Ne'er frolic with the wanton wind;
 In russet vesture simply dress'd,
 No lillies languish on her breast.

16 HYMN TO INDUSTRY.

Remote from oriental plains
 Where PAN with piping shepherds reigns;
 And amaranths for ever bloom,
 Yielding the zephyr soft perfume;
 In climes that flaky snows adorn,
 Was INDUSTRY, meek goddess, born.
 Remote in northern regions wild,
 From Wisdom sprung the smiling child:
 Fell Want her fire; a wight severe,
 His brow still character'd with care:
 Who long, in many a barren vale,
 Pour'd rueful his incessant wail,
 Till the appointed æra rose,
 The destin'd period of his woes,
 When shedding fast the lenient tear
 Affectionate, his offspring fair
 Beheld him. From her eye a beam
 To his afflicted spirit came,
 Imparting exquisite delight;
 A portion of the powerful light

Given

HYMN TO INDUSTRY. 17

Given her by Wisdom, and design'd
 To bless and dignify mankind.
 Mingling with tears of filial woe,
 See the mild emanation flow !
 As thro' the soft-descending rain
 A sunbeam gilds the moisten'd plain,
 The village-spire, the woody hill,
 And dances on the trembling rill.
 He felt her power : ecstatic joy
 Was kindled in his grateful eye ;
 And suddenly the flinty field
 With unexpected verdure smil'd.—
 Where'er thy jovial steps are seen,
 Goddess of animated mien,
 Gay Hope, a youth in prime of years,
 Aye sportive at thy side appears,
 And clad in rainbow loose array,
 With budding roses strews thy way.
 Contentment too, of sparkling eye
 And ruddy hue, is ever nigh ;

A wood-

13 HYMN TO INDUSTRY.

A wood-nymph, whose alluring smile
Can Care's collected frown beguile ;
And artlessly, with accent smooth,
His wrath and menac'd terror soothe.—

INVENTIVE Power ! to thee we owe
The rural arts, the farrowing plough,
The vineyard, and the cultur'd field,
The happiness our harvests yield,
The reapers song, th' autumnal feast,
By Health and Temperance duly blest.
From thee we have the kindly roof,
When winter rages, tempest proof ;
The chearful board, the blazing hearth,
And ancient hospitable mirth.

INVENTIVE Power ! to thee we owe
The swelling sail; the vent'rous prow,
That boldly stems th' impetuous tides,
And o'er the billowy ocean rides.

HYMN TO INDUSTRY.

19

O be thy praise for ever sung!
From thee bold Independence sprung,—
Aspiring high, thy spirit broke
The bondage of the feudal yoke :
Bade Man his native force exert,
His high prerogatives assert,
And scorn and reprobate the lore
That justifies despotic power.
The Gothic lords beheld with pain
Thy navies bounding o'er the main ;
With pain thy thriving cities saw,
And progress of thy equal law ;
Nor dar'd thy influence oppose,
For bright thy radiant star arose,
And Independence came confest,
Redoubted champion of the west.

INVENTIVE Power ! to thee we owe
The rural arts, the vent'rous prow :
O be thy praise for ever sung !
From thee bold Independence sprung.

T H E
G E N E A L O G Y
O F
W I N T E R.

WHEN Chaos, with imperial might,
 Rul'd the dreary realms of Night,
 Boreas, from th' outrageous North,
 With his legions issuing forth,
 In a desert bleak and bare
 Met a damsel passing fair :
 Fair as in those ages seem'd ;
 Her eyes like livid lightning gleam'd ;
 Her growling voice was heard afar,
 Dread as the din of distant war :
 For then unknown the vermil dye,
 The rosy lip, the melting eye,
 The graceful shape, th' expressive air,
 That form the soul-subduing Fair.

THE GENEALOGY OF WINTER. 21

Y Her Auster nam'd, the North embrac'd
With lawless outrage : o'er the waste
Whirlwinds with impetuous wing
In triumph hail'd their new-born king :
For Winter from the rape arose,
Ruler of frosts and feather'd snows.
He o'er the storms of Chaos reign'd,
And delegated rule maintain'd ;
Till, from before the sapphire throne,
The potent blaze of Beauty shone,
And thro' the boundless void of Night
Incessant pour'd creative light.
Then heavenly harmony was heard ;
And lo ! the dædal earth appear'd ;
Hyperion flam'd with ruddy gold :
Around him radiant planets roll'd :
Winter his ample power resign'd ;
And with three smiling Seasons join'd,
Who sprung from Beauty's plastic ray,
Reluctant holds alternate sway.

Her
E P I T A P H

E P I T A P H
F O R
G E N E R A L W O L F E.

Never before published.

O YE, th' illustrious few, whose bosoms glow
With valour, magnanimity, and all
The kindred virtues that impower the soul
To combat perils, to atchieve exploits
Of hardy enterprize, and, in behalf
Of freedom and your country, to despise
Death, and the horrors of the grave ; O tread
With reverence here, for a congenial spirit
Inform'd these holy ashes. Gallant WOLFE,
In early prime who conquer'd, and expir'd
Exulting in the arms of conquest, here
Bequeaths his fame to BRITAIN, to adorn
Her annals, and incite her valiant race

E P I T A P H, &c.

To persevere in virtue. If your hearts
Throb, and are fill'd with ardour, and if tears
Of generous sympathy descend, rejoice!
Preserve th' impression; and be well assur'd
That ye have virtues that deserve renown.
Go, cherish them, and gain what ye deserve.

A FARE-

A FAREWELL to POETRY.

FRANGE, PUER, CALAMOS. Minor Poet.

THE thraldom's past—the spell hath lost its
power,

The magic spell that erst entranc'd my soul,

And bound my blinded reason in its chains.

The gay delusion fades ; its rainbow-tints

In empty air evanish ; and no more

The cozz'ning shapes perfidious, cheat my fancy.

Away, deceitful hopes, fantastic dreams !

Ye spoilers of my youth, away ; deceive

The ignorant and thoughtless, who, like me,

Shall seek fruition in your fancied blifs.

Adieu, ye Muses ! you, whose genuine fire

Gives joy ecstastic to the ravish'd soul ;

You, whom erewhile I deem'd so wond'rous fair,

As nought could rival ; now the folly's past.

I vainly

A FAREWELL TO POETRY. 23

I vainly courted your propitious aid,
And fondly hop'd the strong desire of fame
That fir'd my bosom, might be deem'd a spark
Of heav'nly origin. I hop'd in vain:
The Muse, with looks averted, as in scorn,
Deny'd my suit. Yet Vanity prevail'd;
And still I dream'd of laurel-wreaths, the meed
Of genuine bards; and my distemper'd fancy
Involv'd my reason in the mist of error.
Yes, Vanity, you rul'd my abject soul!
You barr'd my ear against the voice of Wisdom;
And then, arch-felon! at th' unregarded hour,
When Folly reign'd, you stole my precious time;
You stole my noblest, and my best possession,
And left me almost bankrupt. Idle hopes!
Trick'd with false smiles, delusive, ye deceiv'd
My reckless youth; and lur'd my steps to tread
The paths of Folly: this attain'd, ye fled,
And, traitor-like, betray'd me to despair.
So the benighted swain, who sudden spies

C

A meteor

26 A FAREWELL TO POETRY.

A meteor dancing o'er the marshy fen ;
 Joy warms his heart, while foolishly he weens
 A friendly light, from his own cot, directs
 His devious footstep ; but at once he sinks,
 Helpless, into destruction.

AND could I deem my uncouth artless song,
 Th' insipid produce of a tuneless reed,
 Might one day match a WALLER's courtly lay,
 Where wit, and ease, and melody conjoin ?
 Adieu, ye trifles of an early day !
 No more shall empty Vanity prevail ;
 Her empire's over ; and her phantom hopes,
 No more betray me to contempt and folly.
 But it is yours, whose glowing breasts confess
 The Muse propitious ; it is yours to breathe
 The minstrelsy divine, that melts the heart.
 For me, I break my useless pipe in twain,
 Nor court a glory I shall ne'er obtain.

T H E
R U I N of A L B E R T.
A T A L E.

A DELA was the only daughter of a powerful baron of Aquitaine. Her father sprung from an illustrious family, and added to hereditary honours, the glory of heroic achievements. In his youth, he accompanied the flower of the European chivalry, who fought under the banner of Godfrey, and recovered the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. He returned

to his country, crowned with victory, and fair renown; and inherited the rich domains of his ancestors.

Adela was in the prime of beauty, and possessed a susceptible heart. In her air and aspect, dignity was mingled with sweetness: for in the disposition of her mind, conscious elevation of sentiment was softened by amiable and mild affections.

Edwin, a gallant youth, animated with the generous love of arms, smit with the renown of Albert's prowess, and ambitious of profiting by the narrative of his exploits, repaired with other warriors to his

hospitable castle. His eye, keen and piercing, indicated a fiery, vigorous, and active spirit. His form was well fitted to kindle desire in the bosom of tender maids: and the heart of Adela was not insensible to his merit. Their passion was mutual. He gazed on her unaffected charms with astonishment; for, till then, he had never felt the tender anxiety, the restless longing and languishment of love. Ambition had been the governing passion of his soul: but the fierceness of ambition now yielded to a softer, tho' no less ardent desire. He no longer discoursed in keen rapture of marshalled hosts, of listèd fields, and feats of venturous daring; but

30 THE RUIN

languished on the ineffable attractions of a roseate complexion, and a tender melting eye. The vehement impatience of the warrior, was lost in the complacency and pensiveness of the lover.

Albert, perceiving this change in his deportment, demanded the cause. Edwin replied in candid and respectful guise: he told him, without reserve, of the impression made on his soul by the peerless beauty of Adela; and, with the temerity of youthful passion, besought him to ratify his sincere attachment by wedlock. ‘And ‘who art thou,’ said the haughty Baron, ‘who pretendest to the love
of

O F A L B E R T. 31

‘ of Adela ? What feats of heroic
‘ prowess hast thou atchieved ? Or
‘ is thy ancestry distinguished a-
‘ mong the chieftains of the south ?
‘ Thy shield is inscribed with no
‘ valorous atchievement : nor are
‘ thy deeds, nor the deeds of thy
‘ fathers, rehearsed by recording
‘ minstrels. Gain thee a name in
‘ arms, and then aspire to the en-
‘ vied alliance of the house of Al-
‘ bert.’

These words, like an arrow, penetrated the heart of Edwin. Love and ambition, hitherto at variance, were now united ; they concurred in the same pursuit, and their vehemence was irresistible. Accord-

ingly the youthful warrior prepared for his departure, and took a tender farewell of Adela. 'Farewel,' she replied, the tears gushing from her radiant eyes. 'Heaven knows, 'no gallant youth but thee ever 'shared my affections. May the 'holy angels, who regard true and 'virtuous love with esteem, grant 'thee protection! Speedy be thy 'return! And O! remember me. 'Gay and courtly dames, skilled in 'seducement and cunning device, 'may strive to allure thee; but 'their love will not equal mine.' They plighted vows of mutual fidelity, and exchanged tokens of unshaken attachment. Then Edwin, clad in complete armour, a

gay

gay undaunted warrior, mounted a steed proudly caparisoned, and bent his course to the plains of Catalonia, where the Saracen waded in the blood of Spain.

Soon after his departure, Edgar, a proud and wealthy chieftain, with a numerous retinue of knights and retainers, came to the castle of Albert. He was received with pomp and hospitable welcome. He cast amorous glances on the reserved, unrivalled charms of Adela. He preferred his courtship with studied smiles, and speeches devised with cunning. She heard him at first with indifference; he persisted, and she requited him with contempt.

He

34 THE RUIN

He then addressed his suit to the baron: he boasted of the high renown of his ancestors, and the wide extent of his domain; he expatiated on the number of his vassals; and insisted, in magnificent terms, on the mutual honour and security that would accrue from so seemly an alliance. Albert listened to him with partial and pleased attention; he repented of the hopes he had encouraged in the soul of Edwin; and endeavoured to persuade his daughter to forget her attachment to that valiant youth. In vain the astonished Adela lamented, wept, entreated; in vain she threw herself at her father's feet, and tore her dishevelled tresses, and in anguish smote

smote her breast. Her opposition,
 instead of mitigating his rigour,
 irritated his resentment, and con-
 firmed him in his ungenerous pur-
 pose. He mingled menaces and
 unkindly reproach with his persua-
 sions : ‘ By the holy rood,’ said he,
 with a fastidious and wrathful as-
 pect, ‘ the honour of my house
 ‘ shall not be stained by the pre-
 ‘ tensions of a low-born boy. De-
 ‘ generated as thou art, the mean-
 ‘ ness of thy sentiments shall not
 ‘ fully the splendour of thine ances-
 ‘ try, nor load my respected age
 ‘ with dishonour. Receive the ad-
 ‘ dresses of Edgar with suitable re-
 ‘ gard, and the deference due to my
 ‘ commands. Mean time prepara-
 ‘ tions

36 THE RUIN

‘ tions shall be made for the bridal
‘ solemnity, in a manner becoming
‘ the dignity of this alliance.’

Adela, after remonstrating in vain
against the severity of his com-
mands, intreated, with an humble
and dejected air, that the marriage-
ceremony might be delayed. ‘ Can
‘ Edgar,’ said she, ‘ prize the cold
‘ and constrained embraces of a heart
‘ that throbs for another? Will
‘ the sighing and anguish of a bro-
‘ ken spirit accord with the fond
‘ caresses of a bridegroom? To
‘ Edwin my faith was plighted, and
‘ on him my imagination hath
‘ dwelt. Give me time, therefore,
‘ to divert the current of an affec-
‘ tion

'tion too violent to be suddenly
 'opposed; to discourage the reve-
 'ries of fancy, animated by a legal
 'and habituated passion; and to re-
 'concile myself to the address of
 'Edgar.' As her reasoning was plau-
 sible, the nuptial solemnity was de-
 ferred. But, as soon as she had re-
 tired from her father's presence, she
 summoned a page in whom she con-
 fided, and spoke to him in the fol-
 lowing manner: 'Prepare thee for
 'a long journey: saddle the fleetest
 'of my father's steeds, and during
 'the obscurity of the night depart.
 'Hie thee to the banks of the
 'Ebro; find Edwin; tell him of
 'the perils that beset me; tell him
 'that a wealthy and powerful rival,
 ' with

38 THE RUIN

‘with costly parade, and glittering
‘shew of blazonry, hath imposed
‘on my father, and insinuated him-
‘self into his esteem.’ The menial
bowed with humble obeisance,
and, with professions of diligence
and fidelity, departed.

Mean-time Edgar pressed his
suit with courteous phrase and dal-
liance. Daily tournaments were
exhibited at the castle of Alber.
The knights and barons of the
neighbouring domains attended :
but Edgar surpassed them in the
splendour of his armour, and the
pomp of his retinue. The hall re-
sounded with revelry and rejoicing;
and minstrels, clad in gaudy appa-

rel, celebrated the praises of war-like chiefs, or sung the power and the pleasures of love. Adela arrayed her countenance with smiles and courtesy; but her bosom was distracted with anguish ‘O when,’ she cried, ‘shall I be delivered from the importunity of a detested suitor, and the bondage of feigned complacency? When will Edwin return, adorned with conquest, and confident with success? His merit shall shine unrivalled; and Edgar shall be covered with shame.’

At length the page returned; and, repairing to the apartment of
his

40 THE RUIN

his mournful mistress, ‘Now Heaven forefend,’ said he, ‘most gracious lady, that the tidings I bring should injure thy tender frame more than thou art able to endure. May the saints and ministring angels uphold thee!’—‘Hath he perished?’ cried Adela, with a look of terror and amazement, ‘In what bloody field hath he fallen? Where lies the lifeless body? What barbarous adversary hath mangled and insulted his graceful form?’ ‘He hath not perished,’ replied the attendant. ‘But, O gentle lady! foul arts have been practised; shameful perfidy hath been committed. Edwin lives; but not for thee; he hath given
his

‘his hand to another!’ ‘Peace!’
 ‘peace!’ interrupted Adela, with
 a faltering utterance, and looks
 of astonishment mixed with anger,
 ‘restrain thy blasphemous speech,
 ‘nor with base calumny asperse the
 ‘fame of a true and gallant war-
 ‘rior.’ ‘When,’ answered the me-
 nial, ‘have I been guilty of deceit
 ‘or infidelity towards my gentle
 ‘mistress? Full sore it grieveth me
 ‘to be the messenger of evil tid-
 ‘ings.’——‘Rehearse them unre-
 ‘servedly,’ cried Adela, with a tone
 of anxious impatience.

‘I pursued my journey,’ said he,
 ‘many days, without any adven-
 ‘ture, till I came within sight of a

D

stately

42 THE RUIN

' stately castle. It stood on the
 ' brow of a woody hill ; was gar-
 ' nished with towers and battle-
 ' ments ; and commanded a wide
 ' prospect of cultivated fields and
 ' forests. As I advanced, mine
 ' ear was suddenly surpris'd with
 ' the din of hounds and horns,
 ' mingled with the cries of the
 ' huntsmen. I soon descried a gal-
 ' lant shew of knights and gorgeous
 ' dames, mounted on milk-white
 ' couriers, and pursuing the rapid
 ' deer. When the chase was end-
 ' ed, they stopped by the side of
 ' a crystal brook ; and a comely
 ' youth, arrayed in shining apparel,
 ' alighting from his foamy steed,
 ' with courtly obeisance presented
 ' the

OF ALBERT. 43

‘ the prey to a fair and smiling lady.
‘ I mingled in their company, and
‘ in the lineaments of the courteous
‘ youth recognised the inconstant
‘ Edwin. O gentle lady, may
‘ Heaven so help me in my utmost
‘ need, as I now speak the words
‘ of truth ; and may the saints and
‘ holy angels so succour thee as thy
‘ mishap requires ! The faithless
‘ youth hath committed treason
‘ against thy love : seduced by the
‘ blandishment of an artful dame,
‘ he hath become forgetful of thy
‘ peerless beauty.’

The heart of Adela throbbed
with anguish during the recital.
‘ Valorous heroic warrior !’ she
D 2 exclaimed,

44 THE RUIN

exclaimed, 'are these thy deeds of
'hardy prowess, to betray the in-
'nocent credulity of an easy maid ?
'Stain to manhood, and the ho-
'noured profession of arms, be
'henceforth banished from my re-
'membrance !'

Meantime Edgar advanced his
suit with redoubled ardour. Al-
bert, unable to brook any longer
delay, insisted on having the bridal
ceremony solemnized : and Adela,
incited by secret pride and resent-
ment, submitted to the will of her
father. The report of this noble
alliance was published through the
land ; and the kindred of Albert
and Edgar, with the neighbouring
barons,

O F A L B E R T. 45

barons, were assembled to grace the solemnity. Already were the parties betrothed; the holy benediction was already pronounced; and for ever was Adela to be the wedded spouse of Edgar. Now, with pompous shew and attendance, the banquet was served up to dames and knights, the flower of courtesy and valour. The castle resounded with minstrelsy, and the dance; when a stranger, in the simple garb of a pilgrim, entered the hall. He cast his eyes around on the goodly company, and with an air of sanctity and respect, implored a blessing on their fellowship. He was received with hospitable welcome, and the reverence

46 THE RUIN

due to his holy semblance. He spake in meek and modest guise; his eyes were often fixed on Adela; they were sometimes dimmed with a glistening tear; and ever and anon his bosom heaved with involuntary sighs. He took the harp of a minstrel; he touched the strings with masterly cunning, and accompanied the notes with a melodious voice. Tuneful, but melancholy was the strain: for he sung the sorrows of those that are forsaken; the anguish of a desponding spirit; and the wounds inflicted on a faithful heart, by inconstancy and proud disdain. He desisted, with marks of grief and inward contention. 'Holy pilgrim,'
said

faid Albert, ‘the fenfe of calamity
 ‘devours thy ſpirit. Inform us of
 ‘thy miſhap, that, if poſſible, we
 ‘may adminiſter comfort. Nor
 ‘think it incompatible with bridal
 ‘feſtivity, to indulge compaſſion,
 ‘and aſſuage the torment of heart-
 ‘felt care.’

‘I am the ſon of a freeman,’
 replied the ſtranger; ‘and thoug
 ‘my birth was not ennobled by
 ‘ſplendid titles, nor my anceſtry
 ‘distinguished by the parade of
 ‘blazonry, my boſom burned with
 ‘the love of arms, and my heart
 ‘was upright. In an unlucky
 ‘hour I became enamoured of a
 ‘gentle dame, the only daughter

D 4

‘of

48 THE RUIN

' of a noble baron. My sincere
 ' though presumptuous suit, seemed
 ' not displeasing to that peerless
 ' beauty; and with the rash, in-
 ' temperate boldness of a lover, I
 ' asked her in marriage of her sire.
 ' Go,' said he, ' gain thee a name
 ' in arms, and then aspire to the
 ' envied alliance of my house. I
 ' departed, not without tender in-
 ' terchange of vows and tokens of
 ' affection with the beloved idol of
 ' my heart. I hastened to the plains
 ' of Catalonia, where the Saracen
 ' was waging fierce battle against
 ' the banner of the holy cross. I
 ' proffered my service to the chief
 ' of the Christians; and that my
 ' sword was not idle, and that I
 ' was

' was not backward in the strife of
 ' arms, my honourable wounds can
 ' testify. Neither were my services,
 ' nor my thirst after martial fame
 ' unrewarded. Fair recompence
 ' have I received, and the sun of
 ' glory hath gilded the obscurity
 ' of my birth. Rejoicing in my
 ' success, I hastened my return.
 ' But what power of utterance can
 ' express the agony of my soul,
 ' when I learned that the faithless
 ' and inconstant fair had yielded
 ' to the vows of another? I who
 ' was so true and loyal to my love
 ' and plighted troth, to be so soon
 ' forgotten, so soon forsaken!—

50 T H E R U I N

‘Enough, enough,’ cried Adela,
 ‘O ill-requited lover! pierce not
 ‘my soul with deeper wounds. O
 ‘Edwin! Edwin! never was I in-
 ‘constant. Bear witness, ye holy
 ‘angels! But traiterous guile hath
 ‘been practised: thy integrity hath
 ‘been impeached, and my vexed
 ‘heart betrayed into error.’

The eyes of all were now turned
 on the stranger: he threw off his
 disguise, and, instead of a pilgrim’s
 staff, he grasped a keen and tren-
 chant weapon. Resentment glowed
 in his cheek, and flashed from his
 fiery eye. ‘And who,’ said he,
 ‘hath impeached mine integrity?’
 ‘Stand

O F A L B E R T. 51

‘Stand forth, thou proud, but
‘dastard baron, whose glossing tales
‘have betrayed the unwary heart
‘of a maiden: it is Edwin demands
‘reparation.’ Conscious fear was
manifest in the disordered features,
the pale cheek, and disconcerted
air of Edgar. He nevertheless
accepted the challenge: and the
warriors, arraying themselves in
complete armour, descended into
the court of the castle. In the first
onset, the well-tempered steel of
Edwin cleft the crested helm of his
adversary; he threw him to the
ground, and disarmed him. ‘Con-
‘fess thy guilt,’ said the conqueror,
‘and by what infamous arts thou
‘hast accomplished thy design.’—

‘By gifts and glittering gold,’ he replied, ‘I corrupted the page of Adela, who, with counterfeited semblance of fidelity and regret, accused thee of inconstancy, and imposed falsehood on the ear of his mistress. I embraced the season of her excited resentment, and forwarded my suit with success. She is mine by the indissoluble ties of wedlock: and know, proud boy, that if thy hands be stained with my blood, it is the blood of Adela’s husband; and if she receives thee to her bosom, she receives the slayer of her spouse.’

Edwin started with apparent horror. He paused; but recollecting himself,

himself, 'Arise,' he cried, 'and by
 'another trial, prove thyself wor-
 'thy of that envied title.' So say-
 ing, he raised him from the ground,
 and both warriors addressed them-
 selves a second time to the fight.
 Edgar, burning with exasperated
 rancour, aimed his spear at his ri-
 val's breast. Edwin neither averted
 nor avoided the deadly blow. The
 keen weapon cleft his breast, and
 was tinged in the purple springs of
 his heart. He fell to the ground.
 'Farewell,' he cried, 'Adela! lady
 'peerless! and dearly beloved. I
 'have proved myself worthy of thy
 'esteem: I die a sacrifice to thy
 'repose. With my hands red with
 'thy husband's blood, could I ever
 'aspire

54 THE RUIN

‘aspire to thy love? Could I survive and behold thee the wedded bride of another?’ He heaved a sigh, and died. ‘Inhuman deed!’ cried Adela, tearing her lovely tresses, and beating her snow-white breast: she ran, she threw herself on the lifeless body. ‘O stay!’ she exclaimed, ‘O leave me not in my woe! Return, fleeting spirit! Re-animate these pallid features. He heeds me not.—I heard a voice! a dreary voice! It was Edwin! He summons me away! —I come! I come! Let the nuptial bed be prepared! The clay-cold bed!’—So saying, she clasped the corps, and expired.

Instantly

O F A L B E R T. 55

Instantly the page, who had been corrupted by Edgar, seizing a dagger, rushed behind that treacherous baron, and pierced him to the heart. 'Perish!' he cried, 'author of my ruin, and of the ruin of the house of Albert.' He grew immediately frantic: he ran forth furious and screaming: the memory of his crimes pursued him, and his reason was never restored.

The obsequies of the deceased were celebrated with due solemnity: holy requiems were chanted over their remains; and pious priests preferred orisons for their eternal repose. Albert, unable to sustain the weight of his misfortune, for-
sook

56 THE RUIN, &c.

took the habitation of his ancestors;
and exposing his old age to the fa-
tigue of a pilgrimage, he sought
the holy land, and there passed the
remnant of his days in a monastery.

T H E
WOES of ALCINOË.

A T A L E.

U N F I N I S H E D.

THE states of Eolis and Mæonia
had been for many years de-
solated by a ruinous war. Their
mutual jealousy and resentment were
inflamed by continual injuries. At
length the Prince of Mæonia, col-
lecting the flower of his subjects,
and resolving to finish the contest
by one vigorous effort, invaded
Eolis.

58 THE WOES

Eolis. Alcimedon, Prince of the Eolians, was little esteemed by his subjects ; yet he was supported by them against the common enemy, and with a valorous and well-disciplined army he encountered the invaders. A bloody battle ensued : feats of valour were exhibited on both sides : but the Prince of Mæonia being slain in the onset, victory declared for the Eolians. The camp of Alcimedon was pitched by the river Hermus, where it receives the Pactolus, so highly famed by the poets. Returning from the pursuit, he invited the leaders of his army to the royal tent. His menials prepared for them a plentiful banquet ; and his bards with
tuneful

OF ALCINOË. 59

tuneful lyres rehearfed the praises
of heroic exploits.

Mean-time, an attendant informed
them, that a female captive, found
among the flain, entreated admit-
tance into the prefence of the king.
Her request was complied with :
and entering with a modeft demean-
or, with difhevelled trefles, and a
countenance fuffufed with weeping,
‘ Forgive me,’ fhe faid, ‘ O victo-
‘ rious Sovereign, for thus intrud-
‘ ing on thy feftivity. Grief ac-
‘ cords not with triumph, nor is it
‘ feemly for a female and a captive
‘ to interrupt thy joy. But let my
‘ misfortune plead my excufe : and
‘ may the rulers of Olympus dif-

E 2

‘ pofe

60 THE WOES

' pose thy heart to compassion ! My
 ' husband was a leader in the army
 ' of the Mæonians, and either pe-
 ' rished in the engagement, or is a
 ' prisoner in the camp. Let me
 ' conjure thee, O King, by the in-
 ' herent clemency of thy soul, and
 ' by the humanity that tempers va-
 ' lour ; by the example of Heaven,
 ' ever bounteous and full of mercy ;
 ' and by every tender affection that
 ' ever moved thee ; O deliver my
 ' husband ! Let me bathe his wounds
 ' with my tears ! Let not a gallant
 ' warrior be exposed, unburied, to
 ' the fowls of heaven ! Regard my
 ' affliction, and allow me, miserable
 ' as I am, to honour and inter his
 ' ashes. But if he survives, if
 ' Heaven

OF ALCINOË. 61

‘Heaven hath, in pity, preserved
‘him, release him, O King! and
‘his ransom shall not be small.’

Alcimedon, seemingly affected
with her sorrow, received her cour-
teously, and asked her concerning
her name and condition. ‘My
‘name,’ she replied, ‘is Alcinoë;
‘my husband, Theon, the son of
‘Cyneus, a chief of hardy valour,
‘and renowned for the high desert
‘of his ancestry. His flocks are
‘numerous on the flowery Ttmo-
‘lus, and his fields, by the river
‘Mæon, are fruitful. Though he
‘lifted his sword against Eolis, it
‘was by the command of his fove-

E 3

reign,

60 THE WOES

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‘lifted his sword against Eolis, it
‘was by the command of his sove-

E 3

reign,

62 THE WOES

‘reign, and in the service of his
‘country.’

Alcimedon, about to reply, was
thus prevented by Acestes, a ve-
nerable and hoary chieftain: ‘O
‘King, listen to the entreaty of thy
‘kinsman. Of the same ancestry
‘with thyself, I have a right to thy
‘favour. I counselled thee in thy
‘early years, and strengthened thy
‘hands by my zeal, and my faith-
‘ful attachment. I have brandished
‘my spear, to establish and extend
‘thy dominion: I never claimed
‘the privilege of old age to abstain
‘from danger: and this breast is
‘charactered with many wounds.
‘Never before have I demanded a
‘reward,

'reward, nor ever rehearsed my
 'services, nor magnified my ex-
 'ploits. Now, therefore, let my
 'petition be granted. A mortal
 'hatred hath long subsisted between
 'thy kinsman and the house of Cy-
 'neus. I had two sons, my glory,
 'and the pride of their country.
 'They were loyal and valiant, and
 'fought the battles of Eolis. They
 'were slain by Cyneus; their bo-
 'dies were left unurned, unburied;
 'and their spirits wailed by the
 'gloomy Styx. The enemy, com-
 'mitting furious ravages, advanced
 'to my habitation, for I was then
 'absent, waging a distant war by
 'the Hellespont. The walls of my
 'ancestors were overthrown, nor

' could even helpless innocence ap-
 ' pease their inhuman fury. They
 ' seized an infant daughter, my only
 ' surviving offspring, and doomed
 ' her a prey to oppressive bondage.
 ' When I received the tidings of
 ' my misfortune, I invoked the in-
 ' fernal deities, and vowed, by the
 ' manes of my children, to take
 ' vengeance on the house of Cyneus.
 ' Many years are elapsed since the
 ' period of my misfortunes, nor
 ' have I hitherto had my desire.
 ' Sorrow and disappointment have
 ' exasperated my revenge, and daily
 ' consume my spirit. I am desolate.
 ' I resemble an aged oak on the
 ' mountains, stripped of my leaves
 ' and my branches, and exposed to
 ' the

OF ALCINOË. 65

‘ the destroying tempest. Now,
‘ therefore, O King, let my request
‘ be granted : Let the blood of this
‘ captive atone for the guilt of her
‘ cruel kindred.’

Alcimedon, apparently shocked and astonished at his request, yet, unwilling to incense him by a refusal, deferred giving judgment. He gave orders to inquire if Theon was among the captives : and soothed the vindictive rage of Acestes, by observing to him, that the son of Cyneus would be a more satisfactory victim to his revenge. Alcinoë, full of anguish and anxiety, was entrusted to some faithful attendants ; and as the night was far advanced,

vanced, the assembly of the chiefs departed.

Alcinoë, in the bloom of youth, was adorned with soft and alluring beauty; her form was fashioned by the Graces; her air was elegant, without art; the sorrow and dejection expressed in her features rendered her still more lovely; and her united perfections kindled desire in the breast of Alcimedon. The sentiments of this Prince were, by the early contagion of vice, totally depraved: his vanity was heightened by continual flattery: his passions were impetuous: and all his courtiers, but Acestes, ministered to their indulgence. Vain
and

OF ALCINOË. 67

and presumptuous, he conceived against Alcinoë designs of an illicit nature.

* * * *

Alcinoë, with disdain and amazement, 'Leave me! Very low am I
'fallen! very abject is my condition, when the tongue of uncourtly
'arrogance thus presumes to insult
'me. What vain deportment have
'you discerned in me? What, to
'justify your foul proceeding?
'Leave me! Yield me to Acestes.
'I scorn and despise your mercy.'

Alcimedon, awed by the dignity of her demeanor, retired hastily from the tent, leaving her in anguish and astonishment at the accumulated

cumulated miseries of her condition.

* * * * *

Acestes and Antenor were of opposite characters, and had opposite views. Acestes, possessing vigour and activity of soul, had distinguished himself in the early period of his life by deeds of uncommon valour. Constantly engaged in the pursuit of glory, he had cultivated all the bold and heroic virtues; and those qualities, in his constitution, that induce men to the love of pleasure, were neglected, and in some measure suppressed. Feeling in himself none of those incitements to a life of ease and of gaiety, that influenced the conduct of others, he

he held in supreme contempt all those that esteemed them. He considered pleasure as the poison of the soul, enfeebling its powers, corrupting its principles, and so disabling it for illustrious actions. His manners of consequence were austere. Yet the wisdom of his counsels, together with the rectitude and dignity of his conduct, procured him the confidence and esteem of the nation, and rendered him of importance to the state. His fidelity to his sovereign, and his zeal for his interests were unquestioned. He was not merely desirous of seeing him established in power and authority, but of seeing him possessed of those qualities that could
secure

secure them. He was impatient of beholding him the slave of indolence and sordid pleasure, and of his consorting with sycophants, and those that administered by their vile adulation to the violence of his unruly passions. Conscious of the integrity of his intentions, and actuated by keen indignation, he delivered his admonitions with a freedom too often bordering on severity, and treated every unworthy minion with sovereign and deserved contempt.

Antenor was of a different character. His chief object was by insinuating himself into the favour of Alcimedon, to amass unbounded opulence,

OF ALCINOË. 71

opulence, and rise to distinguished honour. The interest of his master was no interest of his. Not endowed with eminent abilities, nor of a mind much indebted to culture, he was full of artifice, and perfectly versed in dissimulation. Naturally gay and addicted to amusement, his manners were easy, courtly, and agreeable. He studied all those external embellishments that impose on the imagination; frivolous in themselves, but extremely pleasing when combined with merit. Conscious of little real ability, and of less virtue, he endeavoured to establish himself in the favour of his sovereign, by flattering his passions, by habituat-

ing him to the pursuits of pleasure, and so by imposing fetters on his understanding, to gain the ascendant he aspired to. He entertained irreconcilable hatred and ill-will against all those who were of a character different from his own : yet he disguised the deepest rancour and animosity with appearances of complacency, with a smooth and smiling aspect. He availed himself however of his vivacity ; and by turning into ridicule, by exposing and by exaggerating their peculiarities, and by representing them as morose and capricious, he endeavoured to infuse disgust of them into the bosom of the king, and so destroy all the influences of their

example or admonitions. He regarded Acestes as his most formidable adversary; and he rejoiced in the present circumstances, as they afforded him an opportunity of thwarting him, and of setting him at variance with Alcimedon.

The passion of Alcimedon was violent: yet the indignation of Alcinoë operated powerfully on his heart, and inclined him to cease from his unworthy purpose. ‘It must not be,’ said Antenor, who was privy to his designs, ‘To be baffled by a weeping damsel! She will despise you. You are a stranger to female artifice. She means by appearing difficult to rivet
F ‘ your

74 THE WOES

‘ your attachment, and render you
 ‘ eager in the pursuit. There are
 ‘ certain violences that are not un-
 ‘ pleasing. Leave the management
 ‘ of the affair to me: I have a pro-
 ‘ ject that will insure success.’ The
 hopes of Alcimedon were revived,
 and he became the victim of his
 betrayer.

Antenor receiving private infor-
 mation that the husband of Alci-
 noe was among the captives, sent
 for him secretly to his tent. By a
 courteous and complacent demean-
 our he strove to possess himself of
 his confidence. He extolled his
 heroism by such insinuating and
 indirect applauses, as could not
 fail

fail of giving him pleasure, and of
 captivating his regard. He re-
 spected virtue he said, even in an
 enemy, and bade him be assured of
 his friendship, and of his inclina-
 tion to serve him. He informed
 him that Alcinoë was alive and
 well: ‘Nevertheless,’ said he, ‘let
 ‘your joy be moderate. I am about
 ‘to prove to you, in the most con-
 ‘vincing manner, how sincerely I
 ‘am interested in your repose.
 ‘Your condition is full of danger.
 ‘The beauty of Alcinoë hath made
 ‘no slight impression on the soul of
 ‘my sovereign. You are not ig-
 ‘norant of his character. Ardent
 ‘and impetuous, beset with flat-
 ‘terers, and eager in the pursuit of
 F 2 ‘pleasure,

' pleasure, he is the slave of unruly
 ' passions. Neither the dictates of
 ' reason, nor the counsels of his
 ' friends are capable of restraining
 ' him.' Theon, tho' alarmed and
 astonished, expressed entire confi-
 dence in the unshaken constancy
 and fortitude of Alcinoë. But the
 sly deceiver, with apparent sympa-
 thy and regret, infused into his
 soul suspicion. He dwelt in mag-
 nificent terms on the graces, the
 gaiety, the courtesy, and personal
 accomplishments of the king. He
 insinuated how difficult it was for
 the female heart, naturally vain and
 susceptible, to resist the allurements
 of a victorious and gallant mo-
 narch. He represented her friend-
 less

less and alone, none to exhort or admonish her, exposed to the assiduity of an ardent lover, and in danger from his gifts and enticing promises.

To this Theon, anxious and impatient, answered: 'I know her heart, and the constancy of her affections. Gratitude will be her safeguard. I raised her from captivity; she will not surely betray me. Alcinoë is a native of Eolis. In her childhood she became a captive; she was educated in the house of Cyneus, and was destined to be a slave. But her unequalled beauty, her modesty, and the gentleness of her demeanour, sub-

78 THE WOES

‘dued me to her love. She was
 ‘worthy of my affections. Surely
 ‘she will not deceive me. Inter-
 ‘cede with Alcimedon; he is ge-
 ‘nerous, and on a hapless captive
 ‘he will not practise unseemly
 ‘guile.’ ‘Sooner bridle the winds,’
 said Antenor, ‘or arrest the impe-
 ‘tuosity of a headlong torrent,
 ‘than oppose him in his desires.
 ‘Gay tho’ he seem, and gentle,
 ‘he is furious in his anger, and
 ‘merciless in his resentment.’

‘Tell him,’ answered Theon,
 eager and full of solicitude, ‘tell
 ‘him she is of illustrious paren-
 ‘tage, an Eolian, the daughter of
 ‘the renowned Acestes.’ ‘Of
 ‘Acestes!’

OF ALCINOË. 79

“Acestes !” interrupted Antenor,
with much surprise. “Even of
“Acestes,” said Theon, “so emi-
“nent in his youth for valour, and
“in his old age for integrity and
“steady wisdom. Many months
“are not yet elapsed, since my nup-
“tials with Alcinoë were religiously
“and duly celebrated. Soon after
“the solemnity, I was accosted in
“a grove adjoining to our city, by
“an old man in the habit of a
“slave. “Forgive my freedom,”
he said, “I come to inform you of
“circumstances that will give you
“joy. She whom you have admit-
“ted into your bosom is not igno-
“ble, but of renowned and illustri-
“ous lineage. Her father was the
F 4 “famed.

80 THE WOES

“ famed Acestes, a gallant chief of
 “ Eolia. Of his fate I am igno-
 “ rant. I was a servant in his fa-
 “ mily, faithful and attached to
 “ him, as he deserved, by every
 “ sentiment of respect and grati-
 “ tude. I was a mournful witness
 “ of the untimely death of his sons,
 “ who perished by the sword of
 “ your father, in an invasion into
 “ our land. Alcinoë, then an in-
 “ fant, was carried into captivity.
 “ I had the good fortune to accom-
 “ pany her in her bondage, happy
 “ and grateful to the Gods for
 “ having it in my power to behold
 “ her, to succour her in her early
 “ years, to cultivate her mind as
 “ far as I had ability, to teach her
 “ patience,

OF ALCINOË. 81

“patience, meekness, and resignation. Yet, fearful of augmenting her sorrows, or of rendering her discontented, I kept her parentage secret. She was believed by your father to be the child of a vassal; and as I knew his rancour against the house of Acestes, I deemed it expedient for Alcinoë, that he should abide in his error. Be happy, O Theon, as you are generous; be tender to Alcinoë: she possesses an amiable nature, a heart glowing with every virtue.” I embraced the old man, I gave him his freedom, and wherewithal to be independent. I never enjoyed a more divine emotion. Tears of gratitude

“tude and affection bedewed his
“visage: his voice faltered: “May
“Heaven reward you,” he cried,
“be virtuous, and be happy.”—
“The invasion of Eolis being then
“resolved upon, I concealed the
“history of Alcinoë, afraid least
“my connection with an enemy
“should beget suspicion in the
“breasts of my countrymen. Even
“from herself I concealed it, fear-
“ful of alarming her sensibility, or
“of exciting in her soul any re-
“sentment against our nation, or
“any wishes unfavourable to our
“success. But were her lineage
“known to Alcimedon, doubtless
“it would defend her.” “Beware,”
answered Antenor, “beware of
“trusting,

OF ALCINOË. 83

‘trusting to his generosity. Believe me your friend, to deliberate for you, and preserve you, if possible, from impending danger. Be cautious, and be secret.’ He then dismissed him. He triumphed in his discovery: he imagined the ruin of Acestes certain: ‘Either,’ said he, ‘he will see his daughter dishonoured, and that will fire him with revenge; or with his own hand he will slay her.’

Soon after he fought the king: he acquainted him that Theon was among the captives. He suggested to him, that as Alcinoë had rejected him with unbecoming disdain, he ought, by threatening her with

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with her husband's death, to alarm her into compliance. Alcimedon, notwithstanding the violence of his passion, was shocked at a proposal so full of horror. But the insidious betrayer representing to him that it was merely an artifice, and that no real injury was intended, reconciled him to the design. 'I confide in your friendship,' replied the king: 'I deposit my happiness and my glory, into your hands: be a careful guardian of my repose.'—How unhappy are they who surrender themselves to the guidance of others, without weighing their understandings, without examining their hearts!

The

The crafty agent sought the tent of Alcinoë. He adorned his countenance with complacency, seemed penetrated with a perfect sense of her calamity, and meaning to betray and ruin her, he pretended the truest friendship. In exaggerated phrase he extolled her virtue, assuring her that she had given such evidence of her constancy, as would justify her to mankind, should any future emergency force her from her resolves. He then admonished her of the danger of irritating the king; represented him of a fiery and vindictive temper, and insinuated, that when a resolute and intrepid conduct were unavailing, recourse should be had to other

2

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OF ALCINOË. 85

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2 means,

means, to a shew of gentleness and compliance. He informed her of her husband's safety; but describing the danger of his condition, exposed to the fury of an impetuous tyrant; he interrupted her sudden joy, and changed it into anxiety. 'Yet,' said he, with an enticing aspect, 'it is in your power to preserve him.' Alcinoë could no longer be silent. 'Slay me,' she exclaimed: 'let me fall a victim to your barbarity; but never hope to seduce me.' Antenor, preserving the most perfect composure, and without replying, suffered the violence of her emotion to pass away: then assuming gradually an air of sympathy and affection,

✓

tion, he seemed to pity her unhappy lot. Alcinoë began to weep; she complained bitterly of her misfortunes, and wished for death to relieve her. ‘Believe me,’ said Antenor, ‘Heaven is my witness, I would rather die than betray thee. Be counselled; do not sacrifice your husband: if your affection continue pure and untainted, what injury can you sustain? Your mind is unblemished.’ ‘Away with your pernicious sophistry,’ she replied with vehemence. ‘Let Theon perish! He is brave and undaunted. I too will perish along with him. To live dishonoured is worse than death.’ Antenor perceiving her firm

firm and invincible, devised an artifice of another kind. He represented to her, in lively colours, and with every sign of sincerity and commiseration, the danger of incensing the king, and of requiting him with contempt. ‘Incense him,’ said he, ‘and the death of Theon is instant. Endeavour if possible to interpose delay. Seem to comply with him. Deceive him if you can. When your adversary is as powerful as he is unjust, to deceive him is not a crime. Or will you rashly destroy your husband? Would he applaud your inconsiderate obstinacy? Or is your virtue so idly romantic, as to suffer Theon to perish, rather than

‘than practise a little guile.’ Alcinoë was half persuaded.—There is no security against the practices of the wicked. Caution will not preserve us, nor firmness, nor resolution. By consorting with them, in spite of virtue, we are undone. We must avoid them, if we would escape contagion.—‘All that I require of you,’ continued Antenor, ‘is to appear gentle, and with complacency to receive his gifts. Tomorrow, in honour of those who fell in the battle, public games are to be exhibited. Alcimedon will be present to encourage the combatants, and reward the victors. If you will accompany him, and seem not insensible of his regard,

G ‘gard,

'gard, without fullying your honour, you may anticipate his resentment.' The proposal was specious, and Alcinoë in an unlucky hour consented.

With morning, all the warriors of Alcimedon were assembled in an extensive plain by the river. They were divided by their leaders into different bands, and having erected funeral-piles, they celebrated the obsequies of the dead with due solemnity. After the bodies were consumed, they collected their scattered ashes, and deposited them in a number of urns. Alcimedon, attended by the principal warriors of the nation, sat on an eminence
by

OF ALCINOË. 91

by a spreading oak. Various trials of address were proposed, and various feats in running, wrestling, in throwing the javelin, and in the chariot-race were exhibited. Rewards of different kinds, captives, spoils, costly raiment, and splendid pieces of armour were distributed among the victors. Alcinoë, arrayed in shining apparel, sat on a throne by Alcimedon. Her beauty beamed with uncommon lustre. The tender melancholy expressed in her countenance, and her pensive languishment, rendered her still more lovely and engaging. Alcimedon gazed on her with admiration: his bosom glowed with all the eagerness of desire, and deem-

ing his conquest already atchieved, he triumphed inwardly in his success. Antenor viewed them with malignant joy; and Acestes, unable to vanquish his indignation, quitted the assembly with disdain.

Antenor, without the knowledge of Alcinoë, suffered her husband to be present and to observe her. Rage, jealousy, and astonishment possessed his heart: his demeanour became frantic; and he was hurried forcibly from among the multitude.

* * * * *

All that a heart can endure, fore-
smitten with calumny, with un-
merited upbraiding, with awful ap-
prehensions,

prehensions, and beset with cruel and perfidious foes; all this did Alcinoë suffer, on receiving the tidings of her husband's jealousy. She abandoned herself to despondency, and besought even the slave, the messenger of her misfortune, to have pity on her, and deliver her from a painful existence. She was soon accosted by her deceiver. On perceiving him, she collected her resolution, and addressed him with dignity and seeming composure.

‘ I know the intelligence you
 ‘ would communicate. My hus-
 ‘ band believes me faithless. I am
 ‘ vanquished, and great and glo-
 ‘ rious is your atchievement! To
 ‘ vanquish an unhappy female, a
 G 3 feeble

‘ feeble and forsaken captive ! Tell
‘ Alcimedon I am his slave. Yet
‘ let me have leifure to appeafe my
‘ forrow. One night I will dedi-
‘ cate to my woe : for ever after
‘ I am his slave.’ The impaf-
fioned eye of Alcinoe, with the re-
folute determined dignity of her air
and mánner, ill according with the
humility of her language, con-
founded the groveling mind of
Antenor. He felt his genius re-
buked and humbled, as by the
prefence of a fuperior being. He
became fearful and difconcerted :
he faw himfelf engaged in an en-
terprife more difficult and danger-
ous than he expected ; and that he
had encountered a fpirit of uncom-
mon

mon principles, capable of uncommon resources. He trembled lest the ruin of Alcinoë should involve his own; he repented of his procedure, but was unable to recede. Thus anxious, mortified, and embarrassed, he quitted the tent, having enjoined her attendants to observe her narrowly.

It was already night. Alcinoë, heaving sighs of unspeakable anguish, and shedding some ineffectual tears, continued for some time in a state of speechless despondency. She then addressed an attendant: ‘ If you are as miserable as
 ‘ you appear, the slave and minister
 ‘ of an insidious tyrant, you will

‘ wish for freedom and indepen-
‘ dence. Take this gold, and these
‘ gifts, deemed of inestimable va-
‘ lue. To me they are useless ; I
‘ despise them ; they are left with
‘ me as the wages of dishonour.
‘ You they will render wealthy :
‘ take them, and lead me hence.
‘ In a retirement by the side of a
‘ river is a temple consecrated to
‘ the Furies. Conduct me thither ;
‘ then depart before morning : fly
‘ into some distant country, be free,
‘ and independent ; and may Hea-
‘ ven prosper and protect you, as
‘ you now comply with my desire,
‘ and preserve me from infamy worse
‘ than death ! Should you ever visit
‘ Mæonia, and thither I would
‘ counsel

' counsel you to retire, find the
 ' aged Alcmeon: tell him of my
 ' misfortunes; tell him of Alci-
 ' medon's illicit passion, of the
 ' guile of Antenor, and that, pur-
 ' sued by dishonour, I fled for re-
 ' fuge to the grave.'

The slave no less affected by her
 entreaty, than tempted by the pro-
 fered gold, and the hope of free-
 dom, conducted her secretly thro'
 the camp. The temple of the Fu-
 ries was situated in a gloomy re-
 tirement, by the side of an awful
 precipice, and sheltered by a grove
 of cypress. The distant din of the
 river rolling below, together with
 the darkness of the midnight-hour,
 added

added horror to the dismal scene. Alcinoe approached it with a bold and intrepid aspect. It was dimly illuminated by a glimmering lamp, and by a blue flame issuing from the altar. Acestes, attended by a hoary and hagged priestess, was offering sacrifice, and pouring out libations ; near him was deposited a mournful urn, containing the ashes of his slaughtered children. He was renewing his resolutions of vengeance, and imprecating misery on his gray hairs, if he did not, with unabating rancour persecute the house of Cyneus. His whole frame was agitated, and his bosom heaved with malignant passions. Alcinoe, overhearing his imprecation, approached

proached him with a resolute air,
 with a pallid countenance, with an
 eye wild and disordered. ‘Behold
 ‘the victim! satiate thy resentment,
 ‘and descend to thy grave in peace!’

He beheld her with astonishment.

‘The Gods,’ he cried, ‘have vi-
 ‘sited my calamity. Not in vain.
 ‘have I offered sacrifice in the
 ‘fane of the Eumenides: they
 ‘have heard my prayer: they have
 ‘granted my request: they have
 ‘given me vengeance before I die.’

Little knew the unhappy father
 that the victim of his fury was his
 only child. ‘Haste thee,’ replied
 Alcinoë: ‘confusion is in the
 ‘camp: the noise of unusual tu-
 ‘mult disturbs the silence and
 ‘tranquillity

' tranquillity of the night. Exe-
 ' cute thy vengeful purpose : em-
 ' brace this proffered occasion :
 ' haste thee, lest another return
 ' not.' He lifted the knife of sa-
 crifice, and inflicted the fatal
 wound.

* * * * *

' They came to me in the night,
 answered Theon : ' they offered me
 ' my freedom, and precious gifts to
 ' depart. Suspecting them of some
 ' evil intention, I seemed to hesitate.
 ' Alcimedon became impatient, and
 ' threatened violence. He incensed
 ' me ; I reflected on the wrongs I
 ' had suffered ; and seizing a dag-
 ' ger which I kept concealed in my
 ' bosom, I plunged it into his
 ' breast.

'breast. He fell writhing before
 'me, and expired in bitter anguish.
 'Antenor, overwhelmed with ter-
 'ror, fell prostrate before me; he
 'entreated me to spare his life, re-
 'vealed his crimes, and absolved
 'Alcinoë from dishonour. I put
 'the felon to death. I issued haf-
 'tily from the tent. I met the slave
 'who conducted her to this fatal
 'mansion. Touched with compas-
 'sion for her unmerited sufferings,
 'he hastened to give me notice. O
 'my Alcinoë! and was I the cause
 'of thy cruel death!'

* * * *

'Why,' said the unhappy old man,
 'should I utter vain lamentations?
 'Can my sorrow restore my child?
 'Fool

" Fool that I was, to think, by
 " gratifying my resentment to regain
 " tranquillity. Heaven has pu-
 " nished me for my thirst of ven-
 " geance, and my chastisement has
 " been severe. Theon, be thou my
 " son, to speak to me of Alcinoë,
 " to honour her memory, and lay
 " me in the grave beside



T H E
P R O G R E S S
O F
A M B I T I O N.

[A Romance without Love is so unusual, that it almost requires an apology. Yet, as love is not the only passion that interests us in life, and as our hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, have often their origin in their affections, why, in representations of human nature, may not these affections be exhibited as ruling principles in our conduct,

constituting, according as they are gratified or disappointed, our supreme happiness or utter misery? In the following tale, the author has endeavoured to delineate the growth and progress of ambition in a young and ingenuous mind, and to shew that the love of fame alone is not sufficient to preserve us virtuous and happy: that, on the contrary, where this is the governing principle of our conduct, our actions will often be criminal, and their consequences fatal. Though the manners are eastern, he has adhered, as strictly as he was able, to unity of design, and simplicity in the arrangement of incidents. He has suffered no dæmon nor magician

cian to interfere, apprehending that, where human actions and passions are to be displayed, and to operate their own effects, such interposition is highly improper. He has also avoided the extravagance of Oriental diction; because a stile very figurative and metaphorical, unless it is managed with uncommon judgement, is apt to become turgid and disgusting.]

Omar, the son of Abdallah, was a shepherd by the river Ephrates. Of an open heart, generous, and susceptible of passion, his manners were amiable and unaffected: and having received early impressions of the dignity and benevolence of

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the Supreme Being, his devotion was sincere without ostentation, and ardent without enthusiasm. His natural integrity, and love of truth, were confirmed by the example and instructions of Abdallah. He was taught to abhor injustice; and to prefer the unenvied portion of industry and innocence, to opulence amassed by oppression, or to grandeur purchased by fraud, and preserved by flattery. Glowing with the ardour of youth, he was fond of applause. He was distinguished for personal bravery, and was celebrated for agility in the exercises of the body. The applauses he received added fewel to his ambition; and he performed many actions, more for the reputation

tation they conferred, than for their intrinsic desert. Happily, the admiration of his rural compeers, who lived in a primitive, uncorrupted state of simplicity, was never excited but by deeds of apparent merit ; and the conduct of Omar was hitherto without reproach.

Having been sent to Bassora, to exchange the superfluity of Abdallah's industry for other necessary commodities, he was astonished at the magnificence displayed in that wealthy and commercial city. The splendour of Jared the Bashaw, the parade of his retinue, his chariots and horses sumptuously caparison-

ed, his costly apparel and luxurious banquets, confounded the inexperience of Omar. The veneration and respect that all men testified towards him, and the extravagant strains of eulogy continually rehearsed in his presence, operated so powerfully on the imagination of the shepherd, that he felt himself drawn by an involuntary sympathy, to join the multitude of admirers, and mingle his admiration with theirs. ‘ This man,’ said he, ‘ is
 ‘ surely distinguished for the pro-
 ‘ bity of his conduct, and for un-
 ‘ common endowments exerted in
 ‘ the service of his fellow-citizens.
 ‘ His name shall be published a-
 ‘ broad, and the monuments of his
 ‘ worth

OF AMBITION. 109

‘worth shall descend to posterity.’

Moved with sympathetic feelings of benevolence, and delighted with the prospect of universal happiness, he was impatient to visit the mansions of individuals, and participate of their felicity. But mortifying was his disappointment, on finding, instead of rejoicing, sorrow; and instead of congratulation, complaint. Every brow was furrowed with anxiety, every eye loured with suspicion; every cheek was bloated with weeping, and every tongue voluble in deceit. The stranger was insulted and the feeble oppressed. The widow wailed over her infant

H 3 children,

children, stripped of their inheritance by the rapacity of Jared; yet there was none to administer comfort or solicit redress. The imperious Bashaw enjoyed the fruits of his power unmolested; and his authority was confirmed by the applauses of servile flatterers. The spirit of Omar was overwhelmed with horror. Recovering from his astonishment, his bosom burned with a transport of indignation. He communicated his reflections to a merchant with whom he trafficked, who was fluent in praise of humanity, and a zealous observer of the rites and ceremonies of his religion. 'The inhabitants of Bassora,' said the virtuous but inexperienced shepherd,

OF AMBITION. 111

shepherd, 'are either abandoned
 'to falsehood, or incorrigibly de-
 'praved. Innocence groans under
 'the iron yoke of injustice, yet no
 'arm interposeth protection; the
 'oppressor glories in his crimes,
 'dwelling in affluence, and regaled
 'with adulation.' 'True,' replied
 the merchant, with an air of sancti-
 ty and regret, 'Jared, tho' sprung
 'from the vilest dregs of the vul-
 'gar, hath by his flattery and ad-
 'dress insinuated himself into the
 'favour of the Sultan; and though
 'his oppressions are notorious, of-
 'fices of the highest importance are
 'entrusted to him. But, what other
 'fate can we expect? The institu-
 'tions of Mahomet are impiously

‘ profaned; the holy fast of Ramezan
 ‘ is audaciously disregarded; and
 ‘ the colour, hallowed by the choice
 ‘ of the prophet, defiled and trod-
 ‘ den under foot.’ Omar listened
 to him with reverent attention; he
 trusted implicitly to his integrity
 and professions of holy zeal; he
 accordingly became the dupe of his
 designing avarice, and paid the for-
 feit of too easy belief. Others, to
 whom he expressed the same indig-
 nation, treated him with contempt;
 and some, concealing their pride
 under the shew of complacency,
 advised him to correct his opinions,
 assuring him, that benevolent prin-
 ciples, however amiable in theory,
 or ornamental in discourse, were
 absurd

OF AMBITION. 113

absurd in practice, and exposed men to the designs of the crafty, or the censure of the wise.

Omar returning from Bassora, and reflecting on what had passed, soon perceived that the insidious and hypocritical merchant had taken advantage of his credulity, and had defrauded him of a considerable sum. He was shocked at the injustice and tyranny of the Bashaw, and astonished at the respect and veneration that were paid him. He was mortified on recollecting, that the principles of his own conduct, which he flattered himself would have procured him esteem, were not only exploded by
the

the practice of the world, but exposed him to imposition and contempt. ‘ And is this,’ said he; ‘ the reward of virtue ; to be despised and insulted ! Are deceit, perfidy, and injustice, the only paths to preferment ? Though men in private exclaim against the oppressor, in public they celebrate his wisdom and munificence. By their encomiums they confirm his authority. They are proud of administering to his pleasures, and exult in the sunshine of his favour. But perhaps he is distracted with inward agony and dismay. If so, he is truly miserable. Painful, I have heard, are the apprehensions of deserved punishment,

OF AMBITION. 115

‘nishment, and excruciating the
‘torments of remorse. With hor-
‘ror they haunt our retirement,
‘with fearful anxiety they interrupt
‘our rejoicing. But happiness and
‘security are the portion of Jared.
‘The innocent alone are fearful;
‘the innocent tremble at his ap-
‘proach ; they dread the rapacity
‘of his avarice, and the irresistible
‘violence of his desires.’

These reflections continually prey-
ing on the mind of Omar, destroyed
his tranquillity. He became pen-
sive, solitary, and reserved. The
flowery lawns and the crystal foun-
tains, that formerly contributed to
his serenity, were now regarded
with

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with indifference or dislike. 'Why,'
said the virgins, 'is the bower of
'Omar grown desolate? Where
'are the roses that lately adorned
'it? and the mingled fragrance of
'myrrh and frankincense? His
'pipe was melodious, but its me-
'lody no longer resounds. Alas!
'ye innocent flocks, erewhile the
'delight of your master, he no lon-
'ger leads you to the thymy pas-
'tures, and the living streams. Is
'it love, O shepherd, that disquiets
'thy repose, and consumes the
'pleasing bloom of thy youth?'
Omar heard them with disgust.
The gaiety and rural sports of the
shepherds were now incapable of
yielding him pleasure. He lost all
relish

OF AMBITION. 117

relish for the society of his friends ;
he grew impatient of their applause,
and regardless of their opinion.

‘ They are ignorant,’ said he with
disdain, ‘ they are inexperienced ;
‘ their conceptions are narrow ; their
‘ understandings are prepossessed ;
‘ they know not the qualities that
‘ deserve approbation ; and who
‘ would value their esteem ?’

Abdallah perceived with sorrow, that
the mind of Omar was discomposed.

He was anxious to discover the
cause. He endeavoured, by every
act of tenderness and condescen-
sion, to recover the confidence of
his son, to investigate the origin of
his disquietude, and restore him to
his wonted gaiety. But Omar was

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even reserved to Abdallah. He knew that his sentiments would be disapproved, he even at times doubted of their propriety ; but, having long encouraged them, they were grown habitual ; and, unwilling to part with them, he was unwilling to have them examined.

Mirza, a descendant of Ishmael, was at that time the leader of a band of plunderers that infested the territory of Bassora. He was artful, valorous, and enterprizing. He had acquired considerable wealth by robbing the caravans of the East, and the pilgrims that travelled annually to Medina. The fame of his warlike atchievements began to predominate

predominate over the ignominy of his profession, and dazzled the imagination of Omar. ‘This man,’ said he, ‘improves and exerts his talents; for me, I languish in obscurity. At present he is pronounced infamous; but he is feared, and soon will be respected. Success will establish his power, and power will procure reputation.’ Thus Omar, admiring the valour and good fortune of Mirza, embraced every opportunity of cultivating his friendship. And the Arab, desirous of increasing the number of his adherents, and acquainted with the valour of the son of Abdallah, practised every art to seduce him. He perceived that

ambition was the ruling passion of his heart, and he availed himself of this discovery. ‘Trust me,’ said he, ‘the indolent and inglorious life of a shepherd is ill-suited to the active genius of Omar. Let others who are destitute of capacity, and want vigour to persevere in a course of glory, waste their days in the forest, tending a paltry flock, and piping insipid warblings. Distinguished among thy brethren, brave, generous, and intrepid, learn, O son of Abdallah, that fame proffers thee her undecaying laurels, and nature destines thee for heroic exploits. Defeat not the intentions of nature: yield not to the allurements

‘ of

OF AMBITION. 121

‘ of indolence: extricate thy soul
‘ from unmanly prejudices: let
‘ Mirza be thy friend and conduc-
‘ tor, to cultivate thy valour, and
‘ improve thine endowments. Men
‘ brand our profession with infamy;
‘ but they will soon change their
‘ opinion, for valour confers re-
‘ nown. Mark the progress of em-
‘ pire and dominion among the na-
‘ tions. Like us, the holy Maho-
‘ met encountered perils, infamy,
‘ and reproach; yet he became the
‘ leader of a mighty people, was ad-
‘ mired as a hero, and revered as a
‘ prophet. Was it by loitering in
‘ the vales of Circassia, or among
‘ the mountains of Caucasus, that
‘ the Ottomans established their
‘ authority,

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‘ authority, extended their domi-
‘ nion beyond the river of Egypt,
‘ and planted their standard in the
‘ cities of the Christian? Be vigo-
‘ rous, be worthy of thyself, and
‘ reject not the admonitions of
‘ Mirza.’

Such discourses, frequently repeated, operated in their full effect on the imagination of Omar. His vanity was inflamed; he fancied himself possessed of uncommon endowments; and grew impatient to signalize them. The Arab presented him with the sabre of a Persian warrior, whom he had vanquished and put to death. The blade was exquisitely polished, and the handle
blazed

OF AMBITION. 123

blazed with the gems of Golconda.
‘Throw away thy shepherd’s crook,’
said he, with an air of disdain, ‘fit
‘instrument for the hands of the
‘feeble, but unbecoming the mar-
‘tial spirit of Omar. Grasp this
‘faithful weapon! with this reap
‘renown.’ Omar grasped the sa-
bre. Eagerness glowed in every
feature of his impassioned counte-
nance; keen impatience swelled in
every nerve, and every sinew of his
enraptured frame. He grasped the
sabre; he wielded it in the air with
youthful ardor; he swore fealty to
the Arab; and engaged himself the
partner of his prosperous or ad-
verse fortune.

Soon as the fatal tidings were conveyed to Abdallah, his mind was overpowered; he sunk faint and speechless into the arms of an attendant. 'O my son,' he cried, recovering from his astonishment, 'O my son, wherefore wilt thou forsake me? Have I merited this reward! Is it a proof of thy filial affection, to cleave my heart with sorrow, and overwhelm my old age with disgrace?' He ran forth into the field, a spectacle of awe and terror: he threw himself at the feet of Omar. 'And is it seemly, my son, is it seemly,' he cried, 'to behold me in this condition? Hast thou leagued with the destroyer? For this have I tended thee, and

2

instructed

'instructed thy soul with wisdom ?
 'I said in my heart, Omar will so-
 'lace mine old age, will console me
 'on my death-bed, and shed the
 'tear of affection on my grave.
 'But Omar hath no bowels of com-
 'passion. Ungrateful ! he despi-
 'seth my grey hairs, he mocks at
 'my distress ; but the time cometh
 'when with bitter anguish he will
 'remember Abdallah.' 'Spare me,
 'my father,' exclaimed Omar, in
 an agony of distress. The tears of
 contrition bedewed his visage ; he
 lifted Abdallah from the ground,
 and with earnestness implored for-
 giveness. At that moment his vir-
 tuous affections over-ruled their
 opponents, and he promised eternal

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deference to the will of his father. Abdallah was satisfied ; he forgave him, and they returned in joy to their cottage.

The sudden tenderness that overflowed the heart of Omar beginning to subside, his ambition and other habituated passions returned to their accustomed channel. He was ashamed to behold the countenance of Mirza ; he dreaded his reproof, and was afraid of being upbraided with imbecillity. Vexed with these apprehensions, and more anxious at the loss of reputation with his new associates, than studious of preserving his faith to Abdallah, he retired pensive into the

secret recesses of the forest. He had with him the sabre he received from Mirza. 'Useless weapon,' said he, viewing it with an eye of regret, 'I will restore thee to thine owner. To him thou wilt procure renown: to me thou art a reproach! Weak and unstable as I am, how will Mirza contemn me!' Cast down with these humiliating reflections, he was unexpectedly accosted by his friend. The Arab saluted him with a serene and smiling aspect. 'You would have surprized me,' said he, 'had you resisted the tears of Abdallah. Your compliance with his entreaty, was a tribute due to education and early prejudice. Your con-

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‘duct was natural, and not impro-
 ‘per. Only beware of a relapse ;
 ‘and let the hurry of action pre-
 ‘vent the returns of unmanly soft-
 ‘ness. Happily an opportunity
 ‘offers. Jared, the bashaw of Bas-
 ‘sora, is now returning from his
 ‘government, to present himself
 ‘before the sultan, and be invested
 ‘with some higher command. He
 ‘carries with him half the wealth
 ‘of the city. The prize is noble ;
 ‘and, in seizing it, we shall have
 ‘the additional satisfaction of pu-
 ‘nishing a cruel and inhuman op-
 ‘pressor.’

The heart of Omar throbbed
 with impatience. The apparently
 generous

generous and affectionate treatment of Mirza rivetted his attachment; the opportunity of retrieving his reputation, and of displaying his valour, fired his ambition; and the idea of taking vengeance on the tyrannical bashaw, palliated the atrocity of the design. Still, however, he was undetermined. ‘Abdallah,’ said he, hesitating, with a sigh, ‘Abdallah must be consulted.’ ‘Abdallah,’ replied the Arab, ‘will oppose the enterprize. The time is precious. A moment’s delay may be ruinous to our expectations. A few days will restore thee to Abdallah; and, when he beholds thee loaded with spoils, and adorned with conquest, en-
vious

‘vious of thy fame, will he upbraid
‘thee? Trust me, it is the danger
‘and uncertainty that render him
‘at present inflexible. Success will
‘obviate his displeasure.’ This
artful sophistry deluded the rea-
son of Omar: he departed with
Mirza, and was received at the
camp with congratulation. They
marched immediately against the
bashaw, whom they assaulted with
undaunted valour. But the fol-
lowers of Jared being no less obsti-
nate in their defence than the assail-
ants were vigorous in their at-
tack, the issue of the contest seem-
ed for some time doubtful. The
good fortune of Mirza at length
prevailed. The bashaw was rout-
ed,

OF AMBITION. 131

ed, and slain in the pursuit ; and all the gold and jewels he had rapaciously amassed at Bassora fell a prey to the enemy. Omar, who had exhibited feats of uncommon valour in the engagement, was desirous of returning to Abdallah, anxious to receive his forgiveness, and hopeful that the success of his enterprise would ensure his approbation. Mirza, whose emissaries were vigilant, being well informed of the state of Omar's family, acquiesced in the proposal, and dismissed him with some attendants, enjoining their speedy return.

The cottage of Abdallah, sheltered with trees, was situated in a
little

little valley, watered by meandering rivulets, and enamelled with flowers. Omar approached the well-known dwelling with a mixture of hope and uneasiness. He entered with eager solicitude, and was astonished at the gloomy silence of the place. A thousand frightful suggestions alarmed his imagination; the colour vanished from his cheek, and he flew impatient thro' every corner of the forsaken mansion. At length he spied a hoary domestic, whose limbs were covered with sackcloth, and who bore in his appearance every symptom of the deepest affliction. Of him he demanded his father. The domestic started as from a trance; he

he surveyed Omar with an eye of horror and dismay ; and seemed, in act, to withdraw from his presence.

‘ I charge thee,’ cried Omar with a menacing gesture, ‘ I charge thee, give me tidings of Abdallah.’

‘ Parricide !’ replied the domestic, ‘ darest thou utter that venerable name ? Darest thou tread the threshold of a dwelling formerly the habitation of peace, by thee rendered desolate ? Abdallah, delivered from sorrow, shall no longer deplore thine ingratitude.

‘ Depart, monster of inhumanity, depart with thy compeers ; be blasted in thine unlawful desires, and tormented with the pangs of remorse !’ The tears of Omar descended

descended like a shower. In an attitude of humble entreaty, he besought the faithful attendant to relate the particulars of his misfortune. The old man, softened with his unaffected sorrow, addressed him in the following manner:

‘ When Abdallah received the tidings of your departure with Mirza, and of your designs against the bashaw, his soul languished and sunk into despondency. He sighed bitterly, but uttered not a word. His tearless eyes were fixed on the ground; anon he raised them to heaven, like one expostulating. At midnight, he stole silent and unobserved from the cottage. No vestige of his foot-

‘ steps

OF AMBITION. 135

‘ steps can be discerned.—The an-
‘ gel of death hath laid hold on
‘ him, for despair was preying up-
‘ on his spirit.’ Sorrow and re-
morse seized the bosom of Omar.
Motionless and desolate, he stood
like a fir-tree on the mountains,
blasted by the livid lightning.
With an aspect wild and disor-
dered, he turned to his attendants ;
‘ Leave me,’ he said ; ‘ Let the
‘ path I tread be avoided ! infa-
‘ mous as I am and abhorred ! O
‘ venerable and ill-requited father !
‘ tender to me was thine affection ;
‘ and with bitter anguish have I re-
‘ warded thee ! Parricide as I am,
‘ all nature cries out against me,
‘ and I am doomed to destruction.

‘ Where

‘ Where is the cold and lifeless
‘ body ? Exposed to the ravenous
‘ beasts of the desert, and to the
‘ fowls of heaven ! none to comfort
‘ thee in the dreary hour of thy de-
‘ parture, and perform due obse-
‘ quies to thy remains ! ’ Three
days he journeyed through the fo-
rest in quest of his father ; but in
vain. He grew feeble with fatigue
and disappointment ; and, in pro-
portion as his mind languished, the
violence of his grief abated. He
then listened to the entreaty of his
friends, and desisted from his fruit-
less labour. He consoled himself
with reflecting on the friendship of
Mirza, which had hitherto appeared
generous and disinterested ; and
was

was easily persuaded to leave the habitation of his ancestors, where every object he beheld seemed to accuse and upbraid him.

Thus broken and subdued with affliction, the heart of Omar was peculiarly disposed to indulge even the weakness of friendship, and impart his sorrow to some faithful breast. The recent agitation he had undergone, left his mind feeble, and in a state of exquisite sensibility : no less alive to every feeling of tenderness, than awake to every symptom of decaying regard ; under the semblance of affection assumed by the Arab, he discerned indifference ; and was

K

mortified

mortified on perceiving him insensible to his distress. Pained with the apprehensions of infidelity in his professing friend, and desirous of having his suspicions either removed or confirmed, he insisted on having his portion of the booty immediately allowed him. Mirza was by this time tired of personating a character different from his own: he imagined that Omar, having incurred the hatred of his friends, must necessarily remain his dependent; and, instigated by the natural rapacity of his avarice, he threw off the mask of disinterested friendship, and discovered a temper fierce, treacherous, and inhuman. “Young man,” said he, with

with a tone of unusual severity,
 ‘ you have engaged to follow the
 ‘ fortunes of Mirza, and must sub-
 ‘ mit to his authority. You are
 ‘ valiant, and so are the rest of my
 ‘ band. If you distinguish your-
 ‘ self by any uncommon exploit,
 ‘ your conduct shall not pass un-
 ‘ regarded. Remember too, that
 ‘ obedience shall be exacted rigo-
 ‘ rously.’ Omar now groaned un-
 der the accumulated weight of his
 misfortunes. His eyes were opened
 to the fraudulent and ferocious
 character of Mirza. He shuddered
 with horror at the prospect that lay
 before him; he was afflicted with
 regret on recollecting the freedom
 and felicity he had forfeited; and

was distracted with self-condemnation and sorrow, when he remembered Abdallah. The manners and principles of his associates, in every respect different from his own, gave him frequent uneasiness, and the disapprobation he testified exposed him to their contempt.

Mean-time it was reported to Mirza, that a powerful force was collected at Bassora, and the places adjacent, to suppress his insolence, and ravish from him the spoils he had lately acquired. The measures taken against him were so vigorous and well concerted, that he was almost environed by the enemy before he was aware of their designs.

OF AMBITION. 141

In the hurry and confusion occasioned by this alarming intelligence, he formed the resolution of putting to death his captives, lest, during the approaching attack, they should excite some disorder. Omar, with some others, was commanded to execute this inhuman commission : But his heart revolted against the deed, and he refused to obey. ‘ Traitor,’ exclaimed the Arab, ‘ you are suborned by my pursuers, ‘ and mean to betray me into their ‘ hands. Excruciating torments are ‘ the reward of treason.’ Omar, affirming his innocence, expostulated with Mirza concerning the barbarity of his intention. In return, he was loaded with severe

K 3 reproaches.

reproaches. He must either embue his hands in the blood of the unarmed, defenceless prisoners, who filled the air with their cries, or die the painful and dishonoured death of a traitor. The memory of his former offences piercing his soul with agony ; the anguish arising from the disappointment of his misguided ambition, now sufficiently quelled and corrected ; the prospect of guilt and ignoble dependence to which he must necessarily submit, should he continue his alliance with the Arab ; together with the incitements of compassion now reigning in his breast uncontrouled, rendered him careless of preserving his life on any other conditions than those

of virtue, and determined him to persevere in his opposition. The disorder stirred up by the mutiny of Omar, who was joined by some discontented Arabs, proved fatal to their common safety. They were surrounded by their pursuers; they were struck with an universal panic; and incapable of consulting for themselves, or of paying attention to the commands of their leader, they ran to and fro in confusion. Mirza, perceiving himself irrecoverably lost, and flaming with exasperated fury, rushed upon Omar with his naked sabre — ‘Perish,’ he cried, ‘perfidious and guilty traitor!’—The troops of Bassora entering in haste, interpo-

fed ; they prevented the execution of his bloody purpose ; they overpowered and beheaded him.

Omar, during the tumult and rapine that ensued, made his escape to the mountains, more solicitous of avoiding the fetters and captivity imposed by the conquerors, than anxious to preserve his life. He entered into a gloomy cavern, over-arched by a rugged rock : the entrance was perplexed with thorns, and the inside was covered with moss. Here he threw himself on the ground, and abandoned his soul to sorrow. Mean-time an old man, appavelled like a hermit, entered the cave. ‘ Be not afraid,’ said

said Omar, raising himself from the ground, and perceiving the surprise and embarrassment of the stranger, 'be not afraid of a wretch
'weary of life, who flattered himself that this solitary retreat would
'have been the ultimate scene of
'his misery.' The old man surveyed him with close attention: he seemed disconcerted; but recollecting himself, he expressed compassion for his sufferings, and inquired into their cause. Omar related briefly the commencement of his connection with the Arab, with all its fatal consequences, and concluded with expressions of sorrow and unfeigned repentance. The hermit was affected, and endeavoured

voured to console him: ‘You seem,’
 said he, ‘in the prime of youth,
 ‘and the storms incident to that
 ‘blooming period, though violent,
 ‘are soon dispersed. The com-
 ‘plaints of mortals proceed from
 ‘the disappointment of indulged
 ‘or habituated passions. Infamy
 ‘and disgrace are the greatest cala-
 ‘mities that befall the ambitious;
 ‘and a state of indigence is dreaded
 ‘by the miser as the completion of
 ‘all human misfortunes: but, in
 ‘youth, the capacity of enjoying
 ‘happiness is unimpaired; for no
 ‘particular appetite hath become
 ‘so habitual by reiterated acts of in-
 ‘dulgence, or hath gained an ascen-
 ‘dency so absolute as to diminish
 ‘the

OF AMBITION. 147

‘ the energy, and supersede the au-
‘ thority of the rest. If you are disap-
‘ pointed in friendship, you may have
‘ recourse to love. If you are dis-
‘ appointed in love, you may have
‘ recourse to ambition. Repulsed
‘ in one pursuit, you may turn your
‘ mind to another. New passions
‘ will arise, and, by soliciting in-
‘ dulgence, will re-animate hope,
‘ and recall you to action. How
‘ different your condition from
‘ mine! All my habits were con-
‘ firmed : all the passions that
‘ could yield me delight were
‘ weakened or extinct : my happi-
‘ ness was inseparably connected
‘ with a treasure of inestimable va-
‘ lue ; and of that I was bereaved,
‘ but

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' but I despaired not. My misfor-
 ' tune was occasioned by no guilty
 ' action of mine : I reposed entire
 ' confidence in the power of the
 ' ever-merciful Allah, who pro-
 ' tects and sustains the innocent ;
 ' and incapable as I am of enjoy-
 ' ing the sweets of society, I have
 ' devoted my old-age to religion.
 ' Go, young man, return into the
 ' world, indulge thy heart in the
 ' smiles of pleasure, or toil again
 ' in the pursuit of glory ; be com-
 ' forted, and forget thy misfor-
 ' tunes.'

' Never, never,' said Omar,
 ' shall I forget them. O happy
 ' hermit, whom no racking con-
 ' science

OF AMBITION. 149

“ science accuses ! the sense of mis-
“ fortune may be softened, but the
“ consciousness of guilt and the
“ pangs of remorse are eternal.
“ Abdallah was my friend, my
“ counsellor, and my conductor ;
“ I despised his counsels, rejected
“ his admonitions, loaded his old-
“ age with affliction, and sent him
“ sorrowing to the grave. Destruc-
“ tive thirst of applause ! by
“ thee I was deluded ! by thee
“ lured to my ruin !” “ Blame not
“ the love of fame,” said the stran-
ger, “ it is a generous passion ; it
“ conduces to happiness, and im-
“ proves our virtue. But its real
“ nature and tendency must be as-
“ certained. It is not gratified by
“ mere

1150 THE PROGRESS

' mere celebrity, nor by the pa-
 ' rade and pageantry of external
 ' grandeur. These may impose on
 ' the multitude, but they yield no
 ' vital, no intrinsic joy to the
 ' owner. The pleasure arising from
 ' true renown depends on the cor-
 ' respondence between the opinions
 ' of others, and the consciousness
 ' of upright acts and intentions.
 ' It resembles the pleasure produ-
 ' ced by the harmony of a musical
 ' instrument tuned in unison with
 ' a melodious voice, and replying
 ' to its sweet modulations. It may
 ' be enjoyed no less in the vale of
 ' retirement, than amid the splendor
 ' and noise of the public ; for in
 ' both situations, the principles of
 ' self-

OF AMBITION. 151

‘ self - command and beneficence
‘ may be cultivated and exercised.
‘ The number of admirers may be
‘ lessened, but the delight suffers
‘ no diminution; for it depends not
‘ on the number, but on the cha-
‘ racter of those that approve. Men
‘ actuated by the genuine love of
‘ fame, receive more exquisite en-
‘ joyment from the applause of a
‘ single virtuous person, who is a
‘ competent judge of praise-worthy
‘ endowments, than from the in-
‘ discriminating shouts of the mul-
‘ titude. If you consider renown
‘ in any other light, than as a con-
‘ firmation of the pleasure arising
‘ from the consciousness of having
‘ acted meritoriously, and as an as-
‘ surance

“furance of the friendship and
“esteem of the worthy, you pursue
“a gilded and delusive phantom.
“Ambition, which is the lust of
“power, and the insatiable thirst
“of external parade, of ostentati-
“ous pre-eminence, and of the in-
“ebriating applause of the popu-
“lace, are in their nature the most
“selfish, arrogant, and unseemly
“appetites. Their engines are cru-
“elty and deceit: they are conge-
“nial with envy, rage, and male-
“volence; and their effects are dis-
“content, anxiety, and remorse.
“Those who are impelled by ambi-
“tion to forsake the paths of inte-
“grity, flatter themselves that when
“their designs are accomplished,
“they

OF AMBITION. 153

‘ they shall be enabled to make
‘ full reparation for the crimes they
‘ may have been obliged to perpe-
‘ trate. But the prize they have
‘ in view is often removed at a
‘ greater distance than they are apt
‘ to believe ; for imagination heated
‘ by desire, imposeth on the eye of
‘ the understanding, takes no ac-
‘ count of intermediate objects and
‘ distances, and brings the dignity
‘ they are pursuing almost within
‘ their reach. But, after they are
‘ actually engaged, they find that
‘ one act of injustice necessarily
‘ leads to another. If they recede,
‘ they are mortified with disap-
‘ pointment, pursued with infamy,
‘ if not with punishment, and tor-
L ‘ mented

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' mented with the recollection of
 ' the fruitless and irreparable inju-
 ' ries they have committed. If they
 ' are successful, it is by perseve-
 ' rance, and consequently by the
 ' loss of humanity, and of the hap-
 ' piness it confers. The consciouf-
 ' ness of their crimes for ever alarms
 ' them ; they become distrustful of
 ' their associates ; they expend their
 ' wealth in maintaining spies, and
 ' embrue their hands in the blood of
 ' the guiltless. But the love of
 ' Fame is a modest, candid, and
 ' ingenuous passion ; it enlarges our
 ' affections, purifies and exalts our
 ' desires ; it is the companion of
 ' merit, and the promoter of hap-
 ' piness. Pursue renown, but pur-
 ' sue

OF AMBITION. 155

‘sue it in the paths of rectitude : To
‘seek fame independent of virtue,
‘is the proof of a depraved consti-
‘tution.’

While the hermit was thus dis-
coursing, the countenance and de-
meanour of Omar betrayed every
sign of remorse. ‘Painful recol-
‘lection,’ said he, ‘torments me.
‘These maxims were often incul-
‘cated by Abdallah. But my
‘heart was prejudiced, and my
‘reason obscured. O Abdallah,
‘Abdallah ! happy art thou in the
‘gardens of the blessed ! Deli-
‘vered from thy sorrows by death,
‘never more shall I behold thee !
‘never more shall I enjoy thy
L 2 ‘ friend-

156 THE PROGRESS

' friendship, and profit by thy in-
 ' structions !' ' Be comforted,' said
 the hermit, ' Abdallah is happy,
 ' but not in the gardens of the
 ' blessed ; delivered from sorrow,
 ' but not by the angel of death !
 ' My son ! my son ! lift up thine
 ' eyes on thy father. Dearly hast
 ' thou paid the forfeit of thine er-
 ' ror, and sufficiently have thy
 ' misguided passions been chasten-
 ' ed.' Omar, under the disguise
 of the hermit, recognized the ve-
 nerable Abdallah. His hands were
 held forth to receive the filial em-
 braces of his son ; an air of serene
 delight was diffused through his
 countenance ; he seemed smiling ;
 yet a tear, springing from affection,
 9 glistened

glistened in his eyes, as they beamed their tender light upon Omar. Omar fell prostrate before him.

‘ I am unworthy,’ he said, ‘ O my father, of thy forgiveness ! But thou art alive ! Holy Allah, accept my thanks !’ ‘ The favour of Heaven,’ answered Abdallah, raising him from the ground, ‘ and the benediction of a father, be upon thee ! Forget thy woes, and be happy.’

Thus the contrition of Omar was genuine and complete ; and the forgiveness of Abdallah was neither allayed by suspicion, nor embittered with reproach. They returned to their valley ; and on sight

of their sequestered cottage, the
 feelings of Omar broke forth in
 the following address : ‘ Hail,
 ‘ peaceful retreat of innocence !
 ‘ Ye woods ! ye meadows ! ye
 ‘ streams ! soft scenes of my infant
 ‘ sports, and my youthful pastime ;
 ‘ receive the fugitive, admit me
 ‘ to your quiet recesses, and let
 ‘ me taste your uncorrupted plea-
 ‘ sures. Return, my flock ! too
 ‘ long have you wandered amid
 ‘ rocks and thickets, sorrowful and
 ‘ untended ! Again will your shep-
 ‘ herd protect you, again conduct
 ‘ you to the upland pastures, and
 ‘ at noon-tide to the watered re-
 ‘ treats. O ye nymphs and shep-
 ‘ herds of this happy valley, let
 5 the

OF AMBITION. 159

‘ the pastoral reed be warbled, let
‘ me listen to the simple and af-
‘ fecting minstrelsy. Let me par-
‘ ticipate in your pleasures, and
‘ contribute to your enjoyment.
‘ Bear witness, ye hills and groves,
‘ and lucid streams, no felicity
‘ hath Omar tasted since he forsook
‘ you ; and never, O never, misled
‘ by the counsels of Folly, will he
‘ relinquish these peaceful retire-
‘ ments, and forget his repose.’

T H E
D U P E;
A CHARACTER:

Addressed to the AUTHOR of a Periodical
Paper.

S I R,

I AM a young man not much indebted to my relations for their care of my education. Indeed, as I was born to an opulent fortune, they were attentive enough to have me instructed in every polite

THE DUPE. 161

lite accomplishment. I was taught to bow, dance, sit, walk, eat, drink, and take snuff with perfect ease and propriety. The air of a man of fashion was manifest in my whole deportment. In a word, my body was as much improved as my mind was neglected: and if I am at present capable of discovering my deficiencies, it is not by the influence of early culture, but by nature and sad experience.

I entered into the world beset with all my passions keen and ungoverned; destitute of principles but the principle of vanity; the desire of shining among the gay, volatile, and licentious. I succeeded

ceeded in a wonderful manner. I became distinguished for my fine taste and vivacity. My judgment in dress, music, and dancing, was held infallible. I decided peremptorily; and my decisions were never contested. In proportion as I became important in my own eyes, envied or admired by those who were as ignorant, but less accomplished than myself, my taste became refined. I considered common vices as grovelling, fit only for the vulgar. ‘What,’ said I, ‘is happiness without intrigue? and what is intrigue without refinement?’ To seduce the honour of a married lady, or betray the innocence of inexperienced beauty,

appeared

appeared to me trifling exploits, and might be atchieved by any petty lawyer, or lieutenant in a marching regiment. But to corrupt the fidelity of a smiling mistress, seemingly attached to some fellow as elegant and as fashionable as myself, seemed a deed of adventurous daring.

Maria became my object. Possessing a thousand charms, gay, animated, and tender, she was attached to a happy lover. For him she dressed, smiled, sung, and appeared careless of every other admirer. Woodvil was generous and constant; Maria lovely, lively, and unaffected. I plied her with obsequious

quious blandishment ; and my assiduity was soon rewarded. Woodvil, void of suspicion, extolled her as the fairest and most faithful of her sex. I exulted inwardly. I triumphed in his ignorance ; in my conscious superiority and address.—Business called him from town into a distant county, to be absent for many months. Maria was left behind him. The time was golden, and I improved it. We never dreamed of consequences, till near the return of her lover. It was then she grew serious ; her vivacity left her ; she became unhappy ; and my heart was grieved. Her inconstancy could not be concealed ; the proofs were

were obvious. I asked her to live with me, and promised her every thing elegant and agreeable. She appeared indignant. ‘No,’ she replied, ‘by your allurements I have been seduced : I have betrayed a generous and tender lover ! Shall my shame be published ? Shall I glory in my ingratitude ? Miserable is my condition ! My manners may seem abandoned, but my sentiments are unblemished. I will die ; but I will not brook an indignity. Then be happy, if you can ; and exult in the infamy you will incur.’

I was

I was vanquished. I thought of nothing but of the means of protecting her. Her tenderness and affliction, co-operating with my sentiments of romantic honour, subdued me. In a word, we were privately married.———What a change I have undergone! The charms I formerly admired have lost their influence. My heart neither feels nor adores them. She is now my wife. My honour is concerned in having her received and treated as such. But how present her! What a field for censure and implacable criticism! How narrowly will people of nice and regular manners scrutinize and remark!—Poor Maria! I cannot avoid

THE DUPE. 167

avoid it; yet I look on thee with the eyes of others. I examine thy words and thy behaviour; I criticise them as they will certainly be criticised. I am tortured to the soul; disgusted and disgraced. Every word, every stroke of vivacity that would formerly have given me pleasure, are tinged with impropriety, and pierce me to the heart.—Even my companions, by whose opinions my conduct was governed, while they pretend to extol me, pity, and in their hearts despise me. I see contempt in their faces; and while they pay me compliments, I hear contempt in their tones. Indeed marriage has improved

proved my senses, and rendered me wonderfully sagacious in construing hints, looks, and ambiguous phrases.—Maria! my shame and my disgrace! Bound to me by everlasting wedlock, is it possible I can esteem thee? Can I even be confident of thy attachment? I know thee, thy inconstancy and thy address.—This is my condition; and additionally to this, she teases me to have our marriage published, and be acknowledged to my relations as my wife. Ignorant of what passes in my mind, she distracts me with importunity.

Let

THE DUPE. 169

Let this relation appear in your Miscellany. It may be of service to some giddy boy, misled and governed by impetuous passions.

Hamstead.

A DUPE.

M

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON ONE OF THE

ODES of HORACE.

THE author of 'Elements of
'Criticism,' speaking of the
thirteenth Ode of the second book
of Horace, makes the following
remark.

'In Horace there is no fault
'more eminent than want of con-
'nection : Having narrowly escaped
'death

‘ death by the fall of a tree, this
 ‘ poet takes occasion properly to
 ‘ observe, that though we are on
 ‘ our guard against some dangers,
 ‘ we are exposed to others we can-
 ‘ not foresee: he ends with display-
 ‘ ing the power of music.’ Now
 this is a very unfair representation.
 In attending to the conduct of the
 Ode, we shall find a regular pro-
 gress of thought, and very beautiful
 connection, from the beginning to
 the end.

Ille et nefasto te posuit die,
 Quicumque primùm, et sacrilegâ manu
 Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
 Perniciem, opprobriumque pagi.

172 ON ONE OF THE

Illum et parentis crediderim sui
Fregisse cervicem, et penetralia
Sparfisse nocturno cruore
Hospitis: ille venena Colchica,

Et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas,
Traçtavit; agro qui statuit meo
Te triste lignum, te caducum
In domini caput immerentis.

Quid quisque vitet nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas: navita Bosporum
Pœnus perhorrescit; neque ultra
Cæca timet aliunde fata:

Miles sagittas, et celerem fugam
Parthi; catenas Parthus, et Italum
Robur: sed improvisa lethi
Vis rapuit, rapietque gentes.

Quàm

ODES OF HORACE. 173

Quàm pene furvæ regna Proserpinæ,
Et judicantem vidimus Æacum,
Sedesque discretas piorum, et
Æoliis fidibus querentem

Sappho puellis de popularibus ;
Et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcæe, plectro, dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli.

Utrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur umbræ dicere : sed magis
Pugnas, et exactos tyrannos
Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.

Quid mirum ? ubi illis carminibus stupens
Demittit atras bellua centiceps
Aures, et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues ?

174 ON ONE OF THE

Quin et Prometheus, et Pelopis parens
Dulci laborem decipitur sono :

Nec curat Orion leones,
Aut timidos agitare lyncas.

The design of Horace was not to write in a cool didactic manner, concerning the fall of a tree, or concerning Poetry and Alcæus. His design was merely to express the emotions and reflections arising in him from the accident that had befallen him : and he exhibits a beautiful connected picture of a mind affected by various emotions of very opposite characters ; yet in this instance united naturally, and flowing from one another by a regular and due progression. He
exhibits

ODES OF HORACE. 175

exhibits a mind passing from a state of turbulence and disagreeable agitation, to a state of more serenity, to feelings of a more pleasing and exhilarating nature. The beginning is abrupt : he speaks as under the immediate impression of danger : he is so agitated, that his imagination is influenced : he attributes intention to the tree ; and expresses a corresponding sentiment :

Ille nefasto te posuit die, &c.

Emotions of this kind having no foundation in reason, are necessarily transient ; they pass away : and the sense of danger still remaining, instead of continuing an extravagant

M 4

fancy,

176 ON ONE OF THE

fancy, suggests a natural and just reflection :

*Quid quisque vitet nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.*

‘ All men would avoid death :
‘ yet it may come from a quarter
‘ and at a time least expected.’
Surely between these reflections
arising obviously from the evil he
had escaped, and a reflection on the
certainty of death, there is a very
close connection. ‘ Let men be as
‘ much on their guard as possible,
‘ let the Carthaginian avoid the
‘ Bosphorus, and the Roman the
‘ arrows of Parthia, yet death even
‘ unexpected will overtake them :’

ODES OF HORACE. 177

—improvisa lethi
Vis rapuit, rapietque gentes.

Between this and what follows immediately after, the connection is strongly marked. ‘Death comes
‘unexpected: I have had a recent
‘proof: could I have ever con-
‘jectured that I should have been
‘in hazard of perishing by the fall
‘of a tree! yet by an accident of
‘this kind, how near was I to the
‘realms of Proserpine!’ We now arrive at what the Critic is chiefly offended with—What occasion has the poet to mention Sappho and Alcæus, or to expatiate on the praise of poetry? Yet if we hear the poet himself, and not take him
mutilated,

mutilated, and at second-hand, we shall have a satisfactory answer. The sense of danger excited the idea of death: and is it not natural for a man thinking of death, to think what is to become of him afterwards? And if he be a poet, and believes in a paradise of poets, is it not natural for him to indulge some visions of that paradise? 'No,' you will peradventure tell me: 'if his mind be possessed with an idea of danger, he will be in a mood too melancholy for such gay reflections.' But to judge candidly, you are to take his mind as he presents it: and if he presents it in a natural state, you must be satisfied with his

ODES OF HORACE. 179

his reflections, whether they be grave or chearful. If he does not mean to give you a sermon on death, but to tell you how he was affected by the dread of it, you must judge of his conduct by his design. Horace in the beginning was much agitated. His violent agitation passed away : but from his sense of danger, there arose reflections suggesting to him some solemn truths. His sense of danger abates : he passes from Æacus and Proserpine to happier mansions : and to what regions would a lyric poet sooner repair than to those of Sappho and Alcæus? His
sense

180 ON ONE OF THE

sense of danger is now so far gone, that every other idea suggested to him operates with its natural influence: so much agitation remaining however, as to make him regard the new image presented to him with some degree of unction: and hence he expatiates on the powers of Poetry. Thus there are three periods in the ode—the first, of violent agitation—in the second the agitation subsides, leaving a pensive mood, suggesting very serious reflections—and in the third, the pensive mood clearing into serenity, the ideas it had suggested are regarded with considerable pleasure.

ODES OF HORACE. 181

sure. Thus by attending to the different changes and transitions in the poet's mind, we see his thoughts connected in a beautiful progress.

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